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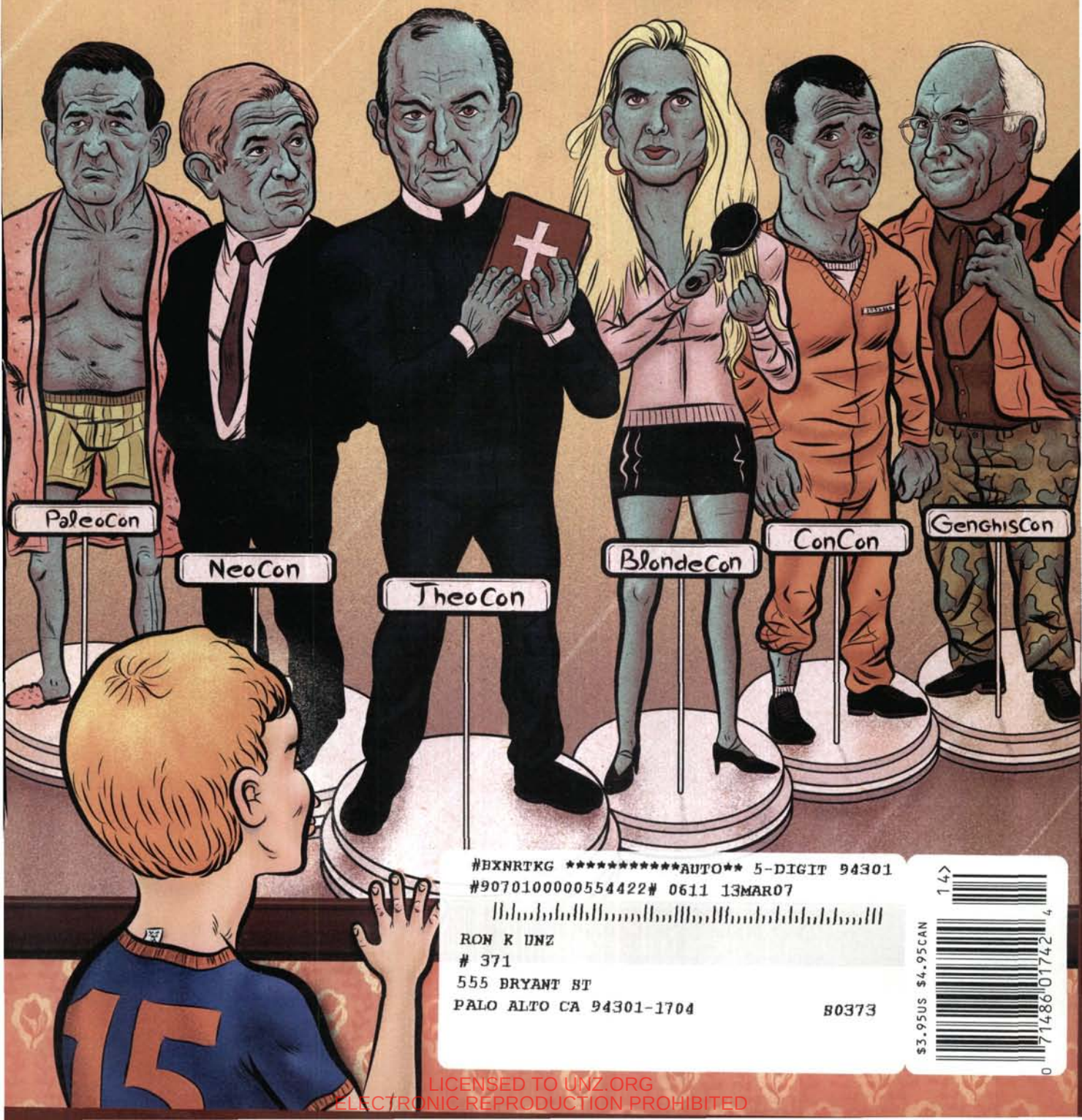
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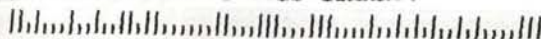
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FATHER CON

Damon Linker on Richard John Neuhaus



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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A JOURNAL OF POLITICS AND THE ARTS

APRIL 3, 2006 WASHINGTON, D.C. ISSUE 4,759 VOLUME 234

COVER STORY

Damon Linker **25 Without a Doubt** These are happy days for religion in politics. In the age of George W. Bush, religion is moving back into the public square, exactly the way "Father Richard," as Bush fondly calls him, hoped it would. Richard John Neuhaus insists that secular democracy is a contradiction in terms and that America is essentially a Christian (and even a Catholic) country. Imagine Cardinal Newman joining up with Karl Rove. In his new book, *Catholic Matters*, Neuhaus offers a full account of his theo-conservatism, his vision of the Christianizing of America. A critical examination of a religious radical.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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COVER ILLUSTRATION BY Dave Curd

CORRESPONDENCE

LOYALTY OAF

AMARTYA SEN'S PRONOUNCEMENT that "admonitions of the kind enshrined in Tebbit's cricket test are entirely irrelevant to the duties of British citizenship or residence" is just silly ("Chili and Liberty," February 27). Surely it's the duty of British citizens to defend Great Britain against attack. In a shooting war with Pakistan, for example, a British soldier on the front lines will find it very relevant that the fellow of Pakistani origin providing him cover cheers for Britain rather than Pakistan in cricket. He wants to know, in other words, that the fellow's reflexes are in order and that he has the full set of prejudices—the preferences for one's own and one's own ways—that constitute patriotism. Everyone would prefer that cultural identity be formed from creedal allegiance. But prejudice is useful, particularly in situations like the heat of battle, in which a man doesn't have the luxury of weighing competing liberal values.

NICK CARIELLO

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

DESIGN SHARE

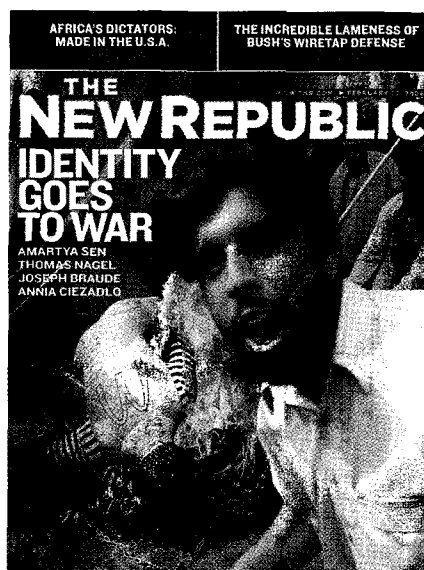
THE EDITORS LAMENT THAT THE Bush administration has "cut FEMA funding, downgraded its responsibilities, and appointed hacks like [Michael] Brown" ("Slow Response," February 27). But, as Richard Clarke pointed out on "Frontline," because FEMA was merged into the Department of Homeland Security (DHS) and lost Cabinet status, its chief can no longer appeal to the president for its budget. Whose idea was it to put FEMA in DHS? Senator Joseph Lieberman's. In his bill leading to the creation of a homeland security agency, Lieberman ended FEMA's Cabinet status and placed it under the control of DHS. So he deserves some of the blame for FEMA's subsequent decline.

ROBERT E. SHIMKOSKI JR.

Royal Oak, Michigan

ENGAGEMENT PARTY

JOSHUA KURLANTZICK'S ASSERTION that "[Defense Secretary Donald] Rumsfeld gave a speech in Singapore last June implicitly questioning the wisdom of engagement with China" is



groundless ("After the Bush Doctrine," February 13). No one who actually read or heard that speech believed it had anything to do with "questioning the wisdom of engagement with China," explicitly or implicitly. Here is what the secretary of defense said: "The United States and many other nations in the region seek to cooperate with China in many fields—diplomacy, economics, global security. ... China's emergence is an important new reality in this era. Indeed, the world would welcome a China committed to peaceful solutions and whose industrious and well-educated people contribute to international peace and mutual prosperity." Rumsfeld then went on to discuss how China's lack of transparency with respect to its defense expenditures and activities raises doubts in the region about China's intentions. Raising the point and admitting the obvious—that it causes people to wonder why—is an observation that the secretary repeated in multiple venues during a visit to Beijing in the fall of 2005,

apparently when he was implicitly not engaging the Chinese.

LAWRENCE DI RITA

*Counselor to the Defense Department
Arlington, Virginia*

MINORITY RULE

YOUR EDITORIAL MISCATEGORIZES the Hamas mandate ("Hamas and Us," March 6). While a large number of Palestinians may indeed have made a poor—even "hateful"—choice in voting for Hamas, these voters do not constitute "a significant majority." In fact, as Palestinian pollster Khalil Shikaki has pointed out, the data shows that they were not a majority at all. In the proportional representation ballot, which best represents the electorate's broad preferences, Hamas received 44 percent of the vote, while Fatah took 41 percent. And, had its candidates united, Fatah, for all its corruption, might well have won even more seats. The majority of Palestinian voters, then, are "innocent ... of freely bringing this hateful party to power." In consequence, it is unjust to imply, as your editorial does, that the totality of Palestinians should be held collectively responsible for bad choices made by a plurality of their countrymen.

ALEXANDER KLIMENT

Washington, D.C.

CLASS NOTES

PETER BEINART'S ASSUMPTION IS incorrect: The divide between liberals and the white working class is a very real one; not something "artificially" induced by the Republicans ("Broadcast Blues," February 27). Polling shows that both the white working class and blacks are more socially conservative than the leadership of the Democratic Party.

JOHN SHEA

Boston, Massachusetts

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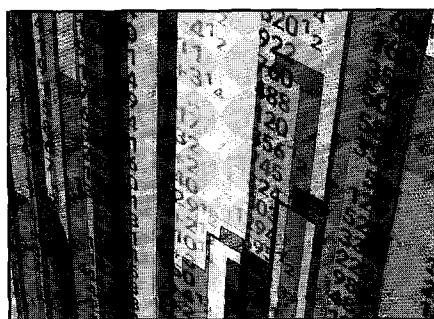
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Big Russ

RUSS FEINGOLD'S MOVE TO censure President Bush for spying on Americans without a court order raises two questions. First, is censure good for the country? And second, is it good for the Democratic Party?

Commentators often mistake the first question for the second. The reason stems from a structural defect in the nature of Washington punditry. Newspaper and newsmagazine reporters are not supposed to express opinions. And yet, newspaper and newsmagazine reporters spend lots of time on cable television, where they are asked to express opinions. They escape this bind by reinterpreting normative questions as descriptive ones. "Should we really be censuring the president?" asks the hypothetical talk-show host. "Well, Russ Feingold is certainly a maverick," replies the nonopinionated pundit. "But he may have gone out on a limb on this one. A lot of Democrats I talk to don't seem to want any part of this. They think it could hurt them this fall."

Voilà. The reporter has preserved her objectivity, which is to say she hasn't said anything that will make press secretaries from either party scream at her. But she has done so by turning a moral question into a political one. And, even worse, because she hasn't owned up to what she's doing, she has implied that they are one and the same. Trying to censure Bush is politically dangerous for the Democrats; ergo, it's the wrong thing to do.

But is it? It depends on what you think censure means. If censure is a constitutional earthquake that rocks our political system to its core, then Feingold's move is a mistake. Was Bush's surveillance program illegal? Absolutely. (As George Washington University's Jonathan Turley notes, "It's not a close question. Federal law is clear.") Did Bush lie about it? You betcha. ("When we're talking about chasing down terrorists, we're talking about getting a court order before we do so," Bush declared on April 20, 2004, while doing exactly the opposite.) But other presidents have lied, broken the law, and trampled civil liberties, too, especially during wartime. That doesn't mean Congress shouldn't investigate Bush's surveillance program. It should probe mercilessly. But censur-



ing Bush—right after the Republican Congress tried to impeach Bill Clinton—could make such efforts a normal part of partisan conflict, which they have not been throughout U.S. history. That's a depressing prospect, no matter what your politics.

On the other hand, there is something highly unsatisfying about saying that, because the Republican Congress tried to impeach Bill Clinton for lying in a civil suit about sex, Democrats can't censure George W. Bush for lying—and breaking the law—on an issue of national security. It's a little like telling someone who has just been punched in the face that they can't hit back because that would perpetuate the cycle of violence. Or, put another way, if Republicans really still think they were right to impeach Clinton—if they'd do it again—then there's no reason for Democrats to abandon censure in the name of civility. After all, if you don't punch back, and the other side keeps hitting you, your efforts to stop the cycle of violence have failed.

So Democrats should only eschew censure if, by so doing, they can make censure and impeachment what they historically have been: constitutional weapons wielded in only the rarest, gravest of circumstances. And that depends on the GOP. Prominent Republicans don't talk much about Clinton's impeachment today; it doesn't quite square with their more-in-sorrow-than-in-anger fretting about Bush hatred. But I don't know of a single major Republican politician or conservative pundit who has admitted the obvious: that impeaching Clinton was a farce and a disgrace, the likes of which we should pray never to see again. The Republican strategy on Feingold's censure effort is to keep calling it absurd without engaging it on the merits. But, on the merits, Feingold's case is much stronger. As former Reagan-era Deputy Attorney General Bruce Fein

has put it, Bush's actions are "more dangerous than Clinton's lying under oath, because it [Bush's claim of nearly unlimited executive authority] jeopardizes our democratic dispensation and civil liberties for the ages." If Republicans want to keep suggesting that censure (let alone impeachment) is a singularly extreme act to be taken only when our constitutional system is in peril, then they need to apologize for what happened in 1999. I'm not holding my breath.

But what about question number two: Is censure good for the Democrats? The conventional wisdom is that, by making Democrats look radical, Feingold has shot his party in the foot, if not the head. But some radicalism is politically useful, particularly in the long run. Liberal bloggers often make this point, and they're right: Occasionally you need to stake a position beyond what is mainstream in Washington—and take some hits—in the hope that you eventually redefine what "mainstream" is. Social Security privatization has always been a political loser for the GOP, and yet, by sticking with it for decades, they have made it politically respectable and shifted the terms of debate. San Francisco Mayor Gavin Newsom and the Massachusetts Supreme Court created a huge backlash when they pushed gay marriage, but, by putting it on the political agenda, they made civil unions—once a radical position itself—the centrist alternative.

So there's a value for Democrats in having Russ Feingold inject censure into the political debate. (In fact, a *Newsweek* poll found that 42 percent of Americans support the idea—more than backed the president's Social Security plan.) With censure as the extreme position, a full, tough investigation of the surveillance program now looks sober and reasonable, whereas, not long ago, that too might have seemed beyond the pale.

The challenge for Democrats, as *The Washington Post's* E. J. Dionne has pointed out, is to let some people push the bounds of acceptable opinion while others use the specter of radicalism to make modest, incremental progress. The press fetishizes party unity, but, in a way, what the Democrats need is creative disunity: different kinds of politicians who pursue different tactics but agree on a broader goal. Washington Democrats may not like Russ Feingold very much these days, but they—and the country—need him all the same.

PETER BEINART

The Upside of Anger

IT'S EARLY IN the morning, and you intend to smell the roses. But where are the roses? You've already read about a squelched government scientist, the sad demise of consumer protection, and several previously undiscovered Bush administration methods for ticking you off. Fortunately, none of this has trampled your ebullient mood, let alone inspired you to march against the White House or join a local revolutionary cell. But then you turn to *The Wall Street Journal's* editorial page and read about yourself in newsprint. You find that your contempt for administration policy has earned you membership in a nefarious group—

"the angry left." Because it's an incredibly annoying phrase that has begun to appear over and over, you realize that you've just been trapped by cunning enemies. The term now fits.

For many years, Republicans scored political points by merely describing their opponents as liberals. But, apparently, the old epithet has lost some of its shock value, and the new term of abuse is "angry." Call it the Howard Beale smear. Last month, Republican National Committee Chairman Ken Mehlman exclaimed, "Hillary Clinton seems to have a lot of anger. ... When you think of the level of anger, I'm not sure it's what Americans want." While Mehlman may have concocted this strategy for tarring Clinton, he was merely repeating a GOP trope. During the 2000 primary campaign, the Bushies whispered loudly about John McCain's rage. In the last election cycle, Republican propagandists slapped the same tag on nearly every one of their opponents—from Nancy Pelosi to the demure South Dakota Senator Tim Johnson. They cut an ad against Howard Dean titled "When Angry Democrats Attack."

This description of Clinton, however, merits special scrutiny. Anyone who has watched her knows that

paroxysms of bile—expressions of strong feeling of any kind—are hardly her thing. She willingly appears on daises with Newt Gingrich, who helped kill her beloved health care plan and tried to do the same to her husband's career. There's not a hint of fire in her speeches. Instead, her demeanor rather eerily resembles the statue of her that Madame Tussaud's recently unveiled. If Hillary Clinton is angry, then there is no anger in the land.

To be fair, not all Democrats are as affectless and disciplined as Clinton. Dean really is angry, as are demagogues like Michael Moore and Cindy Sheehan. But the problem with the Moores and the Sheehans is not that they're angry; it's that they're wrong. The Republicans have substituted a temperamental category for an ideological one. When they fail to demonstrate a philosophical failing, they try to demonstrate a human failing.

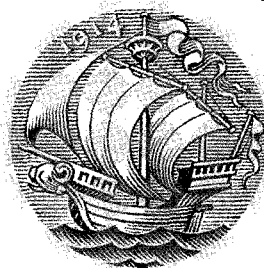
That's the true damage extracted by this Republican attack. They have defined anger down. A good, honest emotion has been trashed in pursuit

of cheap political points. But what is so awful about anger? There are times, after all, when certain policies—some of them implemented by this president—demand precisely an irate response. Any other reaction might suggest a cognitive mistake, as if you do not understand what is taking place.

For all their touching concern with political anger, Republicans have been known to display it on occasion. Indeed, for decades now, they have profited from the politics of resentment. Bush himself has been known to show flashes of anger, as when an aide's cell phone rings in a meeting. And Republicans hardly showed displeasure when Zell Miller went red in the face and delivered one of the most wrathful convention speeches in recent history, going after John Kerry with a rage that suggested an almost physical animus and then—when challenged by Chris Matthews—proposing a duel. Far from recoiling in horror at Miller's surrender to uncontrollable emotion, Republicans celebrated him. So anger in American politics is not the GOP's true concern. Their goal is to lump together those who are angry with

Bush for sound reasons with those who are angry with Bush for unsound reasons, defining the opposition to him as a kind of derangement.

There are also obvious commercial reasons for conservative commentators to expend so much energy denouncing anger. Rage, after all, is an essential part of the Fox News ethos, where Bill O'Reilly makes Howard Beale look like Dag Hammarskjöld. Pretty clearly, these conservative commentators will denounce Democrats as angry, because that will make their audiences angry, generating even larger angry audiences. And you know what that makes us. ■



Cambridge Postcard

Brain Drain

BY JASON ZENGERLE

IN *UNKNOWN WHITE MALE*—a new documentary about Doug Bruce, a 35-year-old man who woke up one morning on the New York City subway with no idea who or where he was—a Harvard psychology professor named Daniel Schacter plays a supporting but crucial role. He serves as the film's memory expert and, in between scenes of Bruce being reintroduced to his family and friends, Schacter appears on-screen to explain that Bruce likely suffers from an extremely rare condition known as retrograde amnesia. *Unknown White Male* has been greeted with rumors that Bruce is faking his memory loss and that the film is a hoax. But most reviewers have given both the man and the film the benefit of the doubt (Roger Ebert: "*Unknown White Male* is either (a) factual and authentic, or (b) the most convincing mockumentary ever made"). That, in no small part, is thanks to Schacter's persuasive performance. His authoritative tone and his ability to explain the vagaries of memory in impressively clinical terms, not to mention his Harvard affiliation, lend weight to Bruce's seemingly implausible tale. Now, on the heels of his big-screen debut, Schacter is preparing to vouch for the memory difficulties of another, albeit better known, white male. In January, Scooter Libby hired the Harvard psychology professor to help with his Plamegate defense.

On a recent afternoon, Schacter, a balding man with deep-set eyes and a furrowed brow, sat in his office on the eighth floor of a building just north of Harvard Yard. His bookshelves were lined with titles like *The Handbook of Memory Disorders* and *Neuropsychology of Memory*; hanging from the walls were reproductions of memory-themed paintings by prominent artists, including Magritte and Dali. It was as if the memory expert had sought to create an environment in which, were he ever to forget that he is a memory expert, he would be instantly reminded of that identity. Schacter refused to discuss Libby's case or his involvement in it. "I really should not comment on anything to do with that," he said. But he agreed to talk about his work in more general terms, and, as he spoke, it wasn't difficult to discern how he might be able to help Dick Cheney's former chief of

staff beat back obstruction of justice, perjury, and false statement charges—and stay out of the slammer.

ACCORDING TO SCHACTER, there are "seven sins of memory" (which is also the title of his most recent book), or seven common ways in which people's memories can malfunction. And, while Schacter himself wouldn't say so, it seems that at least three of those sins could serve as an innocent explanation—an alibi, if you will—for why Libby told a grand jury and FBI agents that he first learned of Valerie Plame's employment with the CIA from reporters. In fact, it appears that Libby conveyed that information to reporters after learning of Plame's CIA status from other government officials.

One such sin is "transience," which, as Schacter explained, is the forgetting that occurs with the passage of time. He pointed to a study by a Danish psychologist who, moments after learning of Swedish Prime Minister Olof Palme's assassination, recorded that he had heard the news on his radio while eating breakfast by himself. Several months later, when the psychologist tried to recall for the study how he learned of Palme's assassination, he was already misremembering certain details—reporting, for instance, that he had been with his wife when the news came over the radio. "All these things," Schacter said, "are modulated to some degree by time." Seeing as how Libby didn't speak to the FBI and the grand jury until months after his conversations with reporters, the sin of transience could be invoked to argue that he simply misremembered the details of how he learned of Plame's CIA status.

A second memory sin that might be useful to Libby's legal defense is one Schacter dubbed "absent-mindedness," which typically occurs when a person is doing too many things at once—or is focused on one particular thing and is therefore paying insufficient attention to form accurate memories. A person not remembering where he placed his car keys while he was preoccupied with thinking about a problem at work is one example of absent-mindedness. But Schacter ticked off other, more extreme examples, including a study—"done right here on the eighth floor"—in which participants were shown a film of a circle of people passing a basketball. While watching the film, the participants were supposed to keep track of the number of times the ball changed hands. In the middle of the scene, a person in a gorilla suit suddenly walks through the circle beating his chest. The remarkable thing is that only half of the study participants noticed the gorilla. "That study," Schacter said, "shows when attention is sharply focused, it's surprising what can occur outside the focus of attention and apparently not register."



Which is a point Libby's lawyers made, in so many words, in a recent court filing. "Mr. Libby was immersed throughout the relevant period in urgent and sensitive matters, some literally matters of life and death," they argued. "[I]n the constant rush of more pressing matters, any errors he made in his FBI interviews or grand jury testimony, months after the conversations, were the result of confusion, mistake or faulty memory, rather than a willful intent to deceive." Or, to put it another way, Libby was so focused on national security issues and terrorism that he didn't even notice—or failed to remember the exact details of how he learned about—the chest-beating gorilla Joe Wilson and his wife.

The third sin that could serve as Libby's get-out-of-jail-free card is the one Schacter called "misattribution"—remembering aspects of an experience correctly but attributing those aspects to the wrong source. For instance, if a person reads an interesting article in *The New York Times* but then, in recalling that article for friends, tells them that it ran in *The Washington Post*, that would be a case of "source misattribution." This, of course, is essentially what Patrick Fitzgerald has accused Libby of committing. Fitzgerald just has another name for it: perjury. But Schacter struck a less accusatory posture, explaining that the real victim of source misattribution is the misattributor himself, since he's often quite convinced that he's telling the truth. "I think, in general, [source misattribution] can be pernicious because you have the possibility for high-confidence errors, because the person's memory is right about some aspect of the event," Schacter said. "It's not uncommon for source misattributions to result in high-confidence, inaccurate memories."

Schacter noted that high-confidence, inaccurate memories are hardly unusual in the political realm. A couple of years ago, he wrote a *New York Times* op-ed trying to puzzle out why Richard Clarke and Condoleezza Rice had such different recollections of the Bush administration's response to terrorism issues. And then there was the he-said, she-said dispute between Clarence Thomas and Anita Hill. The most famous instance of an inaccurate memory in politics, Schacter said, was that of Richard Nixon's White House Counsel John Dean, who, like Libby, was asked to recall conversations for an investigation into political wrongdoing. Dean provided such detailed recollections of his Oval Office conversations with Nixon and other officials that he came to be known as the "human tape recorder." But, when actual tapes of those conversations surfaced, it turned out that Dean's memory wasn't so accurate. He remembered the gist of the conversations, but not the details. "Sometimes he didn't even remember the gist accurately," Schacter noted. These were likely innocent mistakes, he continued, the sort anyone might make when performing the difficult task of trying to recall past events. But then Schacter remembered an alternative interpretation. "Of course," he said, "there's always going to be the question, in a case like that, as to whether some of it is intentional." ■

A Doug Feith Democrat? Chris Cross

BY SPENCER ACKERMAN

HONESDALE, PENNSYLVANIA

JOHN KERRY'S MILITARY record may have done him little good in the 2004 election, but that hasn't stopped Democratic congressional candidates who have worn the uniform from becoming the political phenom of this election season. All told, there are over 50 Democratic veterans running for Congress in November. But, even for liberals who treat every one of the so-called Fighting Dems as a conquering hero, Chris Carney's candidacy is something of a coup. He's nowhere near as high-profile as such candidates as the now-flamed-out Paul Hackett of Ohio or the much-praised Tammy Duckworth of Illinois; in fact, he hasn't served in Iraq. But he has a much more provocative bullet point on his resumé: From 2002 to 2004, Carney served as a counterterrorism analyst for the Bush administration.

For some Democrats, it's as if Richard Clarke decided to run for Congress. Last month, Markos Moulitsas Zúniga of the liberal überblog *Daily Kos* expressed his excitement that "someone who was in the boardroom helping plan and execute the nation's counterterrorism efforts would decide to 1) run for office, and 2) run as a Democrat," and he treated Carney to a fawning interview on *Air America*. Enthusiasm for Carney has spread beyond the blogosphere. After visiting a Carney rally in this rural and heavily Republican Pennsylvania district—where the naval reservist is challenging four-term incumbent Don Sherwood—*Time*'s Joe Klein wrote that he could be "Karl Rove's worst nightmare."

Indeed, armed with his counterterrorism experience, Carney might have strong enough national security bona fides to safely navigate Pennsylvania's conservative 10th District, where the president took 60 percent of the vote in 2004—and where a sign just outside Honesdale warns EITHER YOU SUPPORT THE TROOPS AND THEIR MISSION OR YOU SUPPORT THE TERRORISTS. For the 50 or so seasoned Democrats who gathered at Ann Bursis's house here in Wayne County on Saturday afternoon, Carney is practically a godsend. Mostly middle-aged or retired, Bursis's friends and neighbors can barely remember the last time they had a promising candidate. And they're hungry for someone to take on President Bush. When Carney calls for bringing troops home from Iraq, his audience listens raptly. The president, Carney says to applause, has "been telling untruths about Iraq" while Republicans on Capitol Hill—especially Sherwood—abet him. "That's why you need guys like me in Congress."

But Carney's Democratic supporters, both in the 10th District and across the country, are apparently unaware of

one very odd fact about his candidacy: Carney supported and helped propagate one of the war's most dubious premises—that Saddam Hussein was working closely with Al Qaeda. And these supporters are probably unaware of an even odder fact: Despite seeking an end to the war, Carney still believes it.

CARNEY IS A middle-aged Susquehanna County resident with an inviting and easygoing demeanor. In 2001, he was a political science professor at Penn State's Scranton campus and an intelligence officer in the Navy Reserve. After the September 11 attacks, he was mobilized for the invasion of Afghanistan. But, in early February 2002, he was "called upstairs" to the Pentagon, where he and a Defense Intelligence Agency analyst named Christina Shelton were detailed to the office of then-Undersecretary of Defense Douglas Feith. Their assignment: to scrutinize the CIA's assessment of Iraq's connection to Al Qaeda.

The CIA maintained that, while there had been furtive contacts between Al Qaeda terrorists and Iraqi intelligence for years, the relationship hardly constituted an alliance. Feith, a longtime supporter of ousting Saddam, wasn't so sure. Carney says he was never instructed to find evidence of a relationship. But, he adds, "Remember the time frame—9/11 was fresh in everyone's minds. I'm not trying to apologize for the administration, Feith, or anyone else, but there was a lot of concern that we weren't going to get caught out again" by another attack. So Carney and Shelton put together a briefing, based largely on data that the majority of the intelligence community considered dubious or trivial, asserting a significant link between Saddam and bin Laden.

Carney's briefing made its way through the Pentagon and CIA, and, ultimately, it was shown to Stephen Hadley, then the deputy national security adviser. A key section was titled "Fundamental Problems with How Intelligence Community is Assessing Information." While Carney denies that his briefing suggested that policymakers ignore CIA skepticism, it clearly reinforced the feeling among senior administration officials that the CIA was hopelessly dovish. And, in the fall of 2002, they made numerous public statements that far outpaced the intelligence community's assessment of Iraq-Al Qaeda ties: Donald Rumsfeld called evidence of the connection "bulletproof," and Bush said, "You can't distinguish between Al Qaeda and Saddam when you talk



Not many Fighting Dems still press the rhetorical fight for an Iraq-Al Qaeda connection.

about the war on terror."

Even Carney, who still maintains there was a connection, thinks the administration and its allies went too far. "Not 'bulletproof,' certainly," he says of the evidence. "Look, the way the analysis was going was on a sliding scale—from absolutely no relationship on one extreme to cooperative operational relationship on the other. What we saw was in the middle." Later, he elaborates, "There was some relationship of opportunity there. We know there was some high-level contact. What we don't know is what, if anything, evolved from those contacts."

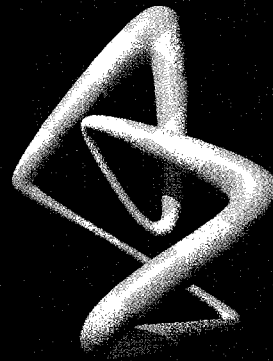
His position, however, is no longer tenable: The 9/11 Commission concluded that "we have seen no evidence that these or the earlier contacts ever developed into a collaborative operational relationship." (Carney thinks the commissioners "underplayed" the connection—hopefully, he adds vaguely, not due to "political pressures.") But Carney remains unrepentant. "I don't think I have any more responsibility for the

war than any other analyst," he says.

BUT THAT'S MORE detail than most Democrats want. What's important to them is that Carney now largely considers the war a mistake. "In the long run, I'm not sure we've benefited tremendously from it, and it may have created greater animosity than we otherwise would have, from things like Abu Ghraib and other missteps the military and the administration made," he admits. "Those things don't help alleviate the terrorist problem." As a result, a major aspect of Carney's platform is his call to withdraw a U.S. battalion for every Iraqi battalion that completes training and is certified as combat-ready.

Besides, for hyperpartisan Democrats like Moulitsas, only one thing really matters: A Republican candidate is vulnerable. Indeed, Sherwood has suffered significant ethical lapses that have left a bad taste in the mouths of voters—namely, a five-year affair with a woman half his age, who once called the police to claim Sherwood was abusing her. (Sherwood contends the incident in question was the result of an overly aggressive backrub.) By the time the case was settled out of court last fall, Sherwood's poll numbers had fallen, creating an opportunity for Carney. That may not be a solid enough foundation to win the race. But, compared with the Iraq-Al Qaeda connection, it's practically bulletproof. ■

What Does This Stand For?



The plight of Iraqi Christians. Crossing Over

BY LAWRENCE F. KAPLAN

FADI HAS HAD it with Iraq. At his family's home in Baghdad, the Christian university student (whose last name has been withheld to protect his family) elaborates in fluent English. "There is no future for Christians here," he says. He knows this firsthand. Last year, four men drove up to his family's house and snatched his twelve-year-old nephew off the street. Targeted for riches that few of them actually possess, Christians routinely disappear from the sidewalks of Baghdad. "We have no militia to defend us, and the government—they do nothing," Fadi says. A day after the abduction, the captors phoned Fadi's family, demanding \$30,000. If his family failed to cobble together the ransom, Fadi knew what would come next. His nephew would be shot or beheaded.

After Iraq's Baathists seized power in 1968, they celebrated by stringing Jews up in a Baghdad square. With the remnant of Iraq's Jewish population having long since fled the country, Christians have become today's victims of choice. Sunni, Shia, and Kurd may agree on little else, but all have made sport of brutalizing their Christian neighbors, hundreds of whom have been slaughtered since the U.S. invasion. As a result, Iraq's ancient Christian community, now numbering roughly 800,000 and consisting mostly of Eastern rite Chaldean Catholics and Assyrian Orthodox Christians, dwindles by the day. According to Iraqi estimates, between 40,000 and 100,000 have fled since 2004, many following

their own road to Damascus across the Syrian border or to Jordan, while many more have been displaced within Iraq. As for the country that loosed the furies against them, the United States refuses to provide Iraqi Christians protection of any kind.

FROM HIS SYNOD in Baghdad, the most prominent Christian clergyman in Iraq, Chaldean Patriarch Emmanuel Delly, denies the obvious. "There is no persecution of Christians," the septuagenarian archbishop insists. "All Iraqis have problems." The fiction has become canonical among Iraqi Christian leaders, who maintain it to avoid inciting their tormentors. Many members of Iraq's clergy, for example, dismiss as gross exaggeration reports that tens of thousands of Christians have fled Iraq.

But, however much the clergy may deny it, Iraqi Christians suffer for their faith. Along with kidnappings and assassinations, church bombings—beginning with the destruction of five churches in August 2004—have become a staple of Christian life in Iraq. To disguise their faith, Christian women, particularly in Iraq's south, tuck their hair under *hijabs*, while fewer and fewer attend church, performing Mass in homes and sometimes, like their ancient Christian ancestors, in crypts instead. Even the Kurds, so often depicted as saints in Iraq's morality tale, have taken to pummeling Christians; the Kurdish religious affairs minister said last year that "those who turn to Christianity pose a threat to society." Commenting on a recent pogrom against Christian students in Mosul, Yonadam Kanna, the only Christian elected to Iraq's new parliament, says, "The fanatics blame us for doing nothing. They blame us for being Christian."

The blame accrues, in part, because of real and imagined ties to the West and to the Western power occupying Iraq. There is, in truth, a cultural affinity between Iraqi Christians, many of whom speak English (and, as such, account for a large percentage of the U.S. military's interpreters), and the mostly Christian soldiers occupying their country. "[Local Christians] were very supportive of having us in Mosul," says Colonel Mike Meese, who served with the 101st Airborne Division in the heavily Christian city. "They'd have our soldiers go to Mass with them." But, as soon as their American protectors departed, the city's Christians became targets—their churches sacked and their archbishop kidnapped. In Baghdad, too, insurgents routinely execute Christians who work alongside the Americans. Threatened by her neighbors, a Christian friend of mine who worked in the Green Zone quit her job and today rarely leaves her house.

To the lengthy indictment of Christians, their persecutors have also added the charge of proselytizing. Unlike American soldiers, who mean to save Iraqi lives, the American evangel-

On January 29, car bombs targeted six Christian churches in Baghdad.





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icals who followed on their heels mean to save Iraqi souls. There is a difference. Evangelizing to Iraqis carries with it risks that evangelizing to, say, Latin Americans does not. The infusion of pamphlets and missionaries from organizations like the International Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention enrages Iraqi Muslims, who, Iraqi Christian leaders claim, increasingly conflate their congregants with “the crusaders”—and, too often, treat them as such. “The evangelicals have caused such problems for us,” says Kanna. “They make the Sunni and Shia furious.”

Even though Iraq’s Christians suffer in the name of their American co-religionists, their fate seems not to have made the slightest impression on much of the evangelical establishment. Their websites and promotional literature advertise the importance of creating new Christian communities in Iraq while mostly ignoring the obligation to save ancient ones. Nor, with a few exceptions, have mainstream church leaders in the United States broached the subject, either. Dr. Carl Moeller, the president of Open Doors USA, an organization that supports persecuted Christians abroad, pins the blame on Christianity’s own sectarian rifts. “The denominations in Iraq aren’t recognized by Americans,” he explains. “The underlying attitude is, ‘They’re not us.’”

THE ABYSMAL PLIGHT of Iraq’s Christians, needless to say, long predates the arrival of the Americans. Since the first century, when Christianity first came to Nineveh province, Iraqi Christians have been cursed by geography. With its fields of mud burnt red by the sun, much of Nineveh—the ancestral home to a large number of Assyrian Christians that runs from Mosul to the Syrian border in Iraq’s northwest corner—resembles a Martian landscape. Thousands of feet above the plains, a small U.S. outpost atop the Sinjar mountain range shines at night, a beacon to many of the Christians, Yazidis, and other persecuted minorities who populate the province below, a number of whom initially greeted the Americans as their saviors. But, having been massacred over the centuries by Ottomans, Kurds, and Arabs alike, most Christians know better than to rely on the goodwill of others.

Nor is this knowledge merely the result of their experiences under foreign rule. Even though the Christian presence in Iraq predates the arrival of Islam, in the Iraqi Muslim imagination, Christians will always be emissaries of the West. Because they operate a disproportionate share of Iraq’s liquor, music, and beauty shops—industries deemed sinful in various interpretations of Islam—insurgents accuse them of embodying the licentiousness of all things American and have burned hundreds of liquor stores to the ground. Where Iraq was once awash in pop music CDs sold by Christian vendors, a more recent CD circulating in Mosul features the beheading of Christians.

It was against this backdrop that Fadi’s family raced to save his kidnapped nephew from a similar fate. Luckily, Fadi’s father, a doctor, was able to produce the \$30,000 ransom. Eight days after his abduction, the captors released

Fadi’s nephew. But the ordeal shook his family so badly that, a month later, they spirited the boy off to Jordan. “If, today, we all had a place to go, tomorrow there wouldn’t be a Christian left in Iraq,” Fadi says.

As for Fadi himself, who first applied to leave Iraq in 1998 while Saddam Hussein was in power, last year’s kidnapping made him even more anxious to flee. With the doors to the United States sealed shut, he placed his faith in other Western countries. While over 40,000 Iraqi Christians have fled their homeland since the invasion, last year the United States permitted fewer than 200 Iraqis to immigrate. As for the thousands of remaining Christian refugees, until recently, the U.N.’s High Commissioner for Refugees didn’t even bother referring their cases to the United States, knowing we had no inclination to take them in.

Their case files amount to proof of Washington’s callousness. There is the Iraqi American whose Christian sister saw her husband gunned down in the street. Following the assassination of two more family members, the sister fell into a crippling depression, unable to care for her two-year-old child. Caught up in a bureaucratic tangle, her American relatives have gotten exactly nowhere. Another sister of an Iraqi American, a Christian woman with four children, lost her husband, killed while serving as a U.S. military interpreter. Her family, too, has been reduced to pleading her case before unconcerned State Department officials. A heartfelt advocate for Iraqi Christians, Representative Jan Schakowsky, a Democrat from Illinois, calls embassies, by her account, “at all hours of the night,” but “the policy since the war began is, ‘We’re not granting asylum.’ ... There is no processing of refugees from Iraq.” The reasons derive from post-September 11 security restrictions and, in the telling of a senior administration official, from the fiction that Iraqis, now liberated, no longer endure systematic persecution.

Fortunately for Fadi, other Western governments have offered a more candid assessment, and, after seven years of waiting, one just informed him he will be granted his visa. He can barely contain his glee. “I feel happy because I go to a new place where I feel free,” he says.

But his case counts as a rare exception. Before leaving Baghdad last month, I got a taste of the desperation felt by Iraqi Christians left behind. Samira, a sad woman in her fifties who comes once a day to cook for an Iraqi friend, showed me a photograph of a woman in her thirties. She had a favor to ask: Would I marry her daughter? The proposition had nothing to do with me, *per se*. She simply wants to get her Christian daughter out of Iraq. Last year, insurgents murdered Samira’s son. As a sign of respect, his Muslim friends transported the body to Najaf for burial in the Shia holy city. A kind gesture, to be sure, but Samira wants her son buried in a Christian cemetery. The son’s Shia friends refuse to surrender his body, and, not being Muslim herself, there is no one to whom she can effectively—or safely—plead her case. Like most Iraqi Christians, she has nowhere to turn. ■

An initiative for the GOP faithful. Patron Feint

BY AMY SULLIVAN

IN EARLY MARCH, the White House gathered more than 1,000 religious leaders for a conference in the cavernous ballroom of the Washington Hilton. Many of the attendees were supplicants, hoping to score a piece of the president's vaunted faith-based and community initiative. The room teemed with imams, rabbis, and a hefty representation from the GOP's evangelical base. As the crowd munched sandwiches and waited for George W. Bush to arrive, massive projection screens played agitprop touting the White House's largesse. A video featured people discussing how help from faith-based charities had changed their lives. "I've learned that God comes first," one woman testified. A gospel choir from St. Thomas More Church in Washington, D.C., primed the crowd, singing, "He has done ... marvelous things."

The event was a classic Bush set piece, with giant COMPASSION IN ACTION banners framing the stage and a host of minority faces in the audience—an opportunity to blare the achievements of his faith-based initiative. While Bush has gone long stretches of his presidency without mentioning the program, he always returns to it. It is one of his few domestic policy achievements—and the signature program of the "compassionate conservatism" that formed the political bedrock of his 2000 campaign. The White House office he created in the second week of his presidency was designed to help larger numbers of religiously affiliated organizations compete for federal money.

As he delivered his pitch to the room, Bush jumped straight into a long list of accomplishments: lower crime rates, reduced drug use, plummeting welfare caseloads and teenage pregnancies. All these achievements, the president strongly implied, could be traced directly to faith-based initiatives. "Results" was, in fact, Bush's principal theme, mentioned no fewer than 16 times throughout the half-hour speech. "[We] ought to allow religious organizations to compete for funding on an equal basis, not for the sake of faith, but for the sake of results," he intoned.

Whether faith-based programs are as effective—or more effective—than secular ones remains a question hotly contested by social science. But, as Bush continued, it became clear that the "results" to which he referred had little to do with the efficacy of faith-based programs and everything to do with how much money the federal government disburses to them. The Bush administration has always been quite open about this fact. A few years ago, when I

asked the deputy director of the Department of Agriculture's faith-based office how it gauged the effectiveness of faith-based grantees, she replied simply, "That's not our concern." Instead, her priority was "getting more churches and community groups through the door to get access to funding."

It's that attitude that feeds liberal fears about a faith-based pork project. And it's true that right-wing Christian groups, including those operated by Pat Robertson and Franklin Graham, have received federal grants—payments that many liberals view as evidence of Bush's creeping theocracy. Kevin Phillips, in his new book, *American Theocracy*, sees the faith-based initiative as definitive proof of the White House's alliance with Christian reconstructionists. Bill Moyers decries those "who turn faith-based initiatives into a slush fund."

The real story, however, is not how immense the faith-based initiative is, but how small. The federal government distributed approximately \$2 billion in grants to faith-based organizations in fiscal year 2005, a number that seems large but is not actually much different than the funding that groups like Catholic Charities and Habitat for Humanity received before Bush took office. Even Barry Lynn of Americans United for Separation of Church and State, a staunch critic of the faith-based initiative, told *The Washington Post*, "If you were able to compare today's funding with the 1999 dollars that went to groups like Catholic Charities, United Jewish Communities, and Lutheran Social Services, you'd find that most of this money is still going to the same groups." (While recent media reports have highlighted the fact that nearly \$160 million has gone to groups that ideologically support Bush over the last three years, that is less than 3 percent of the total amount.) It is increasingly clear that only a handful of people in the administration view the program as anything other than a political tool to attract support from black religious leaders and to mollify the party's evangelical base. And now, even the program's most enthusiastic supporter on the Hill has pronounced it a sham.

INDIANA REPRESENTATIVE Mark Souder was already displeased when he opened a hearing last summer to take stock of the faith-based initiative. As the chairman of the Government Reform Subcommittee on Criminal Justice, Drug Policy, and Human Resources, Souder is responsible for oversight of the program. An Anabaptist from the Midwest, Souder has been a supporter of the faith-based initiative from the start, and he has repeatedly carried the White House's water on the issue.

But Souder has become increasingly disillusioned with the White House's faith-based efforts. As a true believer in faith-based social services, Souder didn't care if the White House program rewarded supporters of the president or pried black preachers from the Democrats. He actually wanted it to help the poor and vulnerable. So, at the hearing, when the White House refused to allow Jim Towey, the director of the faith-based initiative, to testify or provide

Amy Sullivan is an editor at THE WASHINGTON MONTHLY.

any documents—citing executive privilege, no less—Souder could hardly restrain himself. He ticked off for his audience the ways in which White House officials had kneecapped the initiative. They opposed providing funds for technical support, they allowed tax provisions encouraging charitable giving to be pulled from Bush's first tax cut package, and, when Souder tried to introduce the tax provisions as a separate measure, "the White House specifically asked me to hold back on my bill." What's worse, the program has failed miserably in its fundamental goal—helping the poor. "We argued that we were going to increase the pool of money for the poor," Souder said. "In fact, all we have done is fight over a relatively frozen pool."

"This has gone political," Souder charged, reaching his full boil. "Quite frankly, part of the reason it went political is because we can't sell it unless we can show some Republicans a political advantage to it, because it's not our base." That's a serious charge—that congressional Republicans are unwilling to increase funds for social services because the recipients of those funds might be organizations in urban, Democratic districts. But Souder's claim is backed by some enormously credible witnesses. David Kuo, who served as deputy director for the faith-based office from 2001 to 2003, told the hearing that Republicans praised the faith-based initiative for its political benefits: "Republicans will be seen as fighting for [religion], and Democrats will be seen as fighting against it." Kuo's former colleague, John DiIulio, the program's first director, told *Esquire* writer Ron Suskind much the same thing, noting that, in the White House, "What you've got is everything, and I mean everything, being run by the political arm."

DIULIO, A SOCIAL scientist whose favorite saying is "the plural of anecdote is not data" would have had trouble sitting through the end of Bush's remarks at the March conference. The only evidence Bush offered for the effectiveness of faith-based social service was Matt Enriquez, a conference attendee who kicked his drug addiction with the help of the evangelical group Teen Challenge. The organization is a Bush favorite; he has used it as his prime example of the power of faith since the 2000 campaign. But it is also controversial—its leadership has admitted that it will not hire non-Christians, and Teen Challenge's widely touted 86 percent rehabilitation rate crumbles under examination. (Teen Challenge doesn't count those clients who dropped out of the program, and it relies on self-reported measures of progress.)

Still, it's not hard to see why Bush likes Teen Challenge so much. It's the ultimate model of overcoming a problem by religious rebirth, which is how Bush reportedly overcame his problems with alcohol. And it's the solution he's asking Americans to embrace for dealing with poverty. We don't need more funds, we just need religious-based groups providing the services. That's not the plan his supporters signed onto, though. If Bush paid attention, he would find they're losing faith. ■

Breaking the special relationship. Dog Days

BY ALEX MASSIE

EARLIER THIS MONTH, the select Foreign Affairs Committee from the British House of Commons paid its annual courtesy call on official Washington. Its visits are usually festivals of bonhomie, filled with sherry toasts to the transatlantic relationship and florid tributes to the eternal Anglo-American alliance. While those were in abundance as usual this year, a new, strange anxiety lurked behind the public pronouncements of mutual admiration. This anxiety revealed itself at a breakfast briefing with British reporters in a swish Washington hotel, when one historically pro-American Tory member of Parliament rose to ask a less-than-genial question about the special relationship: "What do we get out of it?" No one quite knew what to say to this unwelcome piece of breakfast realpolitik.

Tony Blair, of course, has faithfully played the part of George W. Bush's best friend. This was a risk that always seemed courageous and foolhardy in equal measure. Sitting in the coalition of the willing's second seat carried the possibility of severe and uncontrollable political damage by tethering the prime minister to Bush and his runaway vehicle, the Iraq war. But Blair could have at least expected a greater measure of kindness and sensitivity from Washington in return for his unflinching support. Instead, he has reaped the cruelty of the Bush administration. Blair has been on the receiving end of a steady stream of small insults and slights from Washington—on policies ranging from global warming to defense contracts. Bush has delivered Blair's enemies heaps of evidence to suggest that he is something far worse than Bush's poodle: He is the American president's whipped cur. In the course of his administration, Bush has come perilously close to accomplishing the impossible: alienating Britain, forcing even its most reliably pro-American voices to question just how "special" the vaunted relationship is.

IN THE SUMMER of 2002, Scooter Libby, then Vice President Dick Cheney's chief of staff, huddled with British officials to discuss the course of the war on terrorism. As *Sunday Telegraph* Executive Editor Con Coughlin conjures the scene in his new book, *American Ally*, Libby cavalierly mocked Blair's qualms: "Oh dear, we'd better not do that, or we might upset the prime minister." In fact, on a range of issues, the Americans have upset the British, politely listening to their concerns and

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then, more often than not, simply ignoring them. A British offer to send 6,000 troops into the caves of Tora Bora to hunt for Osama bin Laden was rejected in November 2001. British proposals for postwar Iraq were, according to a senior Foreign Office official quoted by Coughlin, “dumped . . . in the dustbin.” The initial round of primary reconstruction contracts went exclusively to U.S. firms; British companies had to complain before they were allowed a bigger piece of the action. Moreover, despite Bush’s stated commitment to free trade, he imposed tariffs on European steel imports for over 20 months. And, ignoring repeated British pleas, the administration refused to engage on global warming or to make a priority of the Middle East road map.

Individually, these slights might be unfortunate; collectively, they look worse than careless. British patience is wearing thin as ongoing disputes with the United States coalesce to leave the British feeling like unwanted guests at a dinner party they thought they were co-hosting.

Two current confrontations in particular are exercising British Parliamentarians. Earlier this month, Boris Johnson, a Tory front-bench spokesman, decried what he termed the “grotesque imbalance” in the extradition arrangements between the United States and the United Kingdom. Though the British Parliament approved a new treaty between the two countries three years ago, Congress has yet to reciprocate. Consequently, while British citizens can be put on a fast track to extradition to the United States, no such reciprocity exists for American suspects wanted for trial in British courts. British officials have held some 30 meetings in Washington on the subject, to no discernible effect. (According to British officials, the Irish-American lobby has scuppered the deal, worried that suspected IRA members might be shipped back to the United Kingdom.) Such is the discontent at Westminster that no fewer than 145 members of Parliament have called for a halt to extraditing suspects across the Atlantic until the United States ratifies the new treaty. The message is that agreements must work in more than one direction.

LAST WEEK, THE irritation—“frustration” is the diplomatic term—came to a head. The issue this time was defense—and, more specifically, sharing toys. Britain is currently slated to buy 150 Joint Strike Fighter (JSF) planes, the world’s most expensive aircraft, to replace its aging Harrier fleet. But the Bush administration is reluctant to grant Britain a waiver from America’s International Traffic in Arms Regulations statute, which limits the overseas transfer of sensitive U.S. military know-how. Because of this, the British could be denied the technology and software updates that their long-term JSF operations require.

This time, however, the poodle bit back. On March 14, Lord Peter Drayson, minister for defense procurement, went before the Senate Armed Services Committee to deliver an unusually forceful message. If the United States did

not live up to its defense promises, Britain would cancel its JSF investment and look elsewhere for solutions to its long-term aviation needs.

“I fully understand that there are excellent reasons, of course, to protect American defense technology,” Drayson admitted. “However, as a key ally standing shoulder to shoulder, we do expect you to understand how sensitive these technology transfer issues are to us.” Liam Fox, the Conservatives’ defense spokesman and arguably the most ardent Atlanticist in Parliament, finds it “incomprehensible” that “the integrity of the United Kingdom be questioned in this way” when British squaddies are serving alongside American GIs in Mesopotamia and the Hindu Kush.

The U.S. position is, essentially: tough. Despite Blair raising the issue with Bush on at least three occasions, the White House has yet to persuade Representative Henry Hyde, chairman of the House International Relations Committee (and an implacable opponent of technology transfers) to cut the Brits some slack. Hyde worries that passing technology to the British could mean they would leak it to China, Russia, or, worse, France. And the JSF fight goes beyond the technology transfer. British officials were appalled to discover that the Pentagon had unilaterally canceled a previously agreed plan by which an Anglo-American consortium, headed by General Electric and Rolls-Royce, would build an alternative engine for the JSF. “We expect to be consulted on major issues, and we do not feel we have been on this decision,” Drayson told reporters after his appearance on the Hill. Some Americans, at least, are getting the message: “[I]t’s going to cost us in our relations with the British,” John McCain noted at a subsequent Senate hearing.

THE STORIED POLITICAL commentator Hugh Grant spoke for many Britons when, playing the part of the prime minister in Richard Curtis’s *Love Actually*, he turned on the visiting American president: “I love that word ‘relationship.’ Covers all manner of sins, doesn’t it? I fear that this has become a bad relationship. A relationship based on the president taking exactly what he wants and casually ignoring all those things that really matter to, erm, Britain.” OK, so Billy Bob Thornton played the president, but the speech is one that the real president of the United States would do well to pay attention to. Dogs, be they poodles or bulldogs, are loyal, but they need some love, too. ■

TNR’S KUDOS

*Congratulations to our friend and contributor
Sean Wilentz, winner of this year’s Bancroft Prize.*



The danger of generals-as-CEOs.

War-Mart

BY CLAY RISEN

ON SEPTEMBER 10, 2001, Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld gave an address that seemed remarkably prescient. Speaking at the Pentagon, Rumsfeld warned of “an adversary that poses a threat, [a] serious threat, to the security of the United States of America”—one that “attempts to impose its demands across time zones, continents, oceans, and beyond. With brutal consistency, it stifles free thought and crushes new ideas. It disrupts the defense of the United States and places the lives of men and women in uniform at risk.”

But Rumsfeld wasn't talking about Osama bin Laden, Saddam Hussein, or Abu Musab Al Zargawi. The “serious threat” he was referring to was something else entirely: The Defense Department, Rumsfeld said, was dangerously out of touch with the modern boardroom. “Successful modern businesses are leaner and less hierarchical than ever before. They reward innovation and they share information. They have to be nimble in the face of rapid change or they die,” he said. The military, in Rumsfeld's view, was none of these things—and it needed to change.

Given his experience as a Fortune 500 executive, it made sense that Rumsfeld would turn to business for insights. It made sense, too, that, during a time of relative peace, the Pentagon's CEO would look for ways to make his operation more efficient and responsive. But what is striking about Rumsfeld's speech is how little the events of the following day—or the following four years, for that matter—altered his goal of transforming the military according to the latest corporate crazes. Outsourcing, “lean” management and just-in-time logistics are all the rage in Rumsfeld's Pentagon. Officers are encouraged to attend top business schools, and generals deploy consultant-speak—cross-service cooperation produces “synergies,” while new, more lethal weapons provide better “returns on investment.” As the recently released 2005 Quadrennial Defense Review (QDR), the Defense Department's primary planning document, states, “The department must be responsive to its stakeholders. ... It must also provide the best possible value to the American taxpayer.”

Rumsfeld's business revolution is changing more than the way the military is structured; it is altering the very way war is fought. On the back of a small but influential coterie of military thinkers, Rumsfeld has argued that the

U.S. Armed Forces are so technologically advanced that traditional doctrine—and thousands of years of military history—are largely irrelevant. Instead, an increasing number of military leaders and thinkers argue, we should look to the lessons of Wal-Mart. The Bentonville miracle and other new-economy stars have succeeded in large part because they leverage vast computer systems to lower inventories, respond better to consumer demand, and even predict where their respective markets are headed. In the same way, business-minded brass would restructure battle plans around a vast information and intelligence network, eschewing tanks and heavy artillery in favor of high-tech, lightly armed, nimble units that would flood the war zone and attack only those targets whose destruction would bring the enemy to heel, an enemy whose activity will be precisely monitored and analyzed electronically.

Efficiencies, taxpayer value, networked warfare—it all sounds pretty good on paper. There's just one problem: What happens if the analogy between business and war turns out to be fatally flawed?

WITH CHISELED FEATURES that gave him more than a passing resemblance to Tommy Lee Jones, Vice Admiral Arthur Cebrowski was not the first person you might finger for a dot-com egghead. After flying in Vietnam and skippering the USS *Midway* during the first Gulf war, Cebrowski spent the late '90s as president of the Naval War College, and he seemed destined for a post in the Pentagon's highest echelon.

But there was another side to Cebrowski, a nervous energy and a maverick streak that made him prone to trendy theories and sky-high philosophizing—which, for a long time, kept him out of the Defense Department's inner sanctum. He spoke in the rapid-fire argot one expects from a McKinsey consultant or a Silicon Valley venture capitalist. September 11 was a “systems perturbation.” Military operations should be “value-added processes.” He was an obsessive PowerPoint, and, when away from his computer, he was given to back-of-the-envelope, “working in the white space” diagramming that is all the rage among the MBA set.

It was Cebrowski who, along with an acolyte named John Garstka, would co-author what many consider the founding text of the current military transformation, an article that appeared in *Proceedings*, the U.S. Naval Institute's academic journal, in 1998. Titled “NETWORK-CENTRIC WARFARE: ITS ORIGIN AND FUTURE,” the article has all the casual

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utopianism one expects in a socialist manifesto—or a Tom Peters management book. “Here at the end of a millennium we are driven to a new era in warfare. Society has changed. The underlying economics and technologies have changed. American business has changed. We should be surprised and shocked if America’s military did not,” Cebrowski and Garstka wrote.

Cebrowski believed that the real lessons for the next generation of warfare lay less in cutting-edge weapons systems than in the ways new-economy businesses built their operations around powerful computer networks. These IT backbones, reaching from the cash register to the plant floor, make companies extremely responsive to the marketplace while eliminating the need for costly inventory: When an item is sold, an order for a new one gets sent directly to the factory. Such a network, Cebrowski believed, could be replicated on the battlefield by a vast system of sensors, surveillance, and computers linking the individual soldier, the high-tech satellite, and the operational commander. Like Wal-Mart, through network-centric warfare (NCW) the military could achieve a level of total information awareness that would allow it to know exactly what the enemy was doing at all times. What the military theorist Carl von Clausewitz had termed the “friction” and “fog” of war would be eliminated. Vehicles could be made lean and more lightly armored, because they would rely on the power of the network, rather than their own strength, to bring precise amounts of force to bear when needed. Set battles were a thing of the past; precisely measured surgical strikes were the future. Cebrowski predicted that America’s information dominance, deployed through NCW, would allow it to “lock out” the competition—i.e., dissuade enemies from ever going to war—just as Microsoft DOS and Windows effectively locked out competing operating systems in the ’90s. “Network-centric operations deliver to the U.S. military the same powerful dynamics as they produced in American business,” Cebrowski and Garstka wrote.

The article—and subsequent proselytizing—unleashed a furious debate among the military establishment. New adherents rushed to unpack their own versions of NCW in the pages of military journals, while Cebrowski’s critics attacked him as woolly-headed and utopian. “That guy needs to come up for oxygen more,” one anonymous Army official told *U.S. News & World Report*.

Perhaps part of his critics’ ire came from the fact that, at least for those above a certain age, they had seen it all before. Indeed, the Pentagon’s obsession with business theories seems to come in long waves. During the 1960s, the E-Ring was in the thrall of Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara’s systems analysis, which he imported from Ford Motor Company, where he had been president.

But the end of Vietnam also wrought the end of the McNamara era, and, in its aftermath, officers and theorists cast off the systems-analysis approach in favor of a return to the basics. Fortuitously, a new, more accessible translation of Clausewitz’s classic, *On War*, which argues that friction and

fog are war’s eternal qualities, appeared in 1976, just in time to inculcate the first post-Vietnam generation of military leaders. Clausewitzian strategy, which focuses on massing overwhelming force in battle, undergirded much of the 1980s military buildup, which in turn created the force and the doctrines that won Operation Desert Storm (which, paradoxically, also featured many of the “smart” weapons that Cebrowski and others would later herald as paradigm-altering technologies).

The fall of the Soviet Union, though, called into question whether a massive conventional force was necessary. At the same time, rapid advancements in information technology—the Internet, computing power, global positioning systems, and miniaturization—gave military planners a new rationale: figuring out how to use new technologies to radically rethink the way war is fought. “By the second Clinton administration, not only was the Internet the big coming thing, the fashionable, trendy idea that was going to transform everything from commerce to culture, but also, by that point, the military services were casting about somewhat desperately for a concept that could unify their post-cold-war military preparations,” says defense analyst Loren Thompson, chief operating officer of the Lexington Institute. Secretary of Defense William Cohen presided over a disparate collection of in-house eggheads who produced a long list of next-generation theories, all built around information technology.

At the same time, young officers were heading back to school—business school. Officers get vouchers to attend such top business schools as Wharton and Northwestern; meanwhile, the University of Maryland has even created a special “Combined MBA” program tailored to naval officers. The Pentagon became enamored of outsourcing, and just-in-time logistics (which eliminates supply depots and warehouses of spare parts) took hold, facilitated by Cohen’s so-called “Revolution in Business Affairs.”

It seemed like Cebrowski’s moment had arrived. “Sometimes people come along with similar ideas and the times just aren’t right, and so they don’t connect. Other times gurus manage to connect with a well-established institution that is desperately searching for a new identity. And that was the case with Cebrowski,” says Thompson. Still, had the political winds blown differently, Cebrowski and his vision for a new-economy military might have foundered. But Bush won the 2000 election. And that brought Rumsfeld to the Pentagon.

MUCH HAS BEEN made of Rumsfeld’s previous tour in the White House, as chief of staff and then secretary of defense to Gerald Ford. But less has been made about what he did afterward. In 1977, Rumsfeld parlayed his administration experience into a lucrative yet challenging position at the head of G.D. Searle, then an ailing pharmaceutical giant. During his eight years there, he focused on defining Searle’s core competencies—and shedding everything else.

He cut 30 divisions and trained the company on research and consumer products; when he left, Searle's stock price had quintupled. Rumsfeld did the same at General Instruments, focusing on its cable and high-definition TV businesses. Following his axiom ("Prune—prune businesses, products, activities, people. Do it annually"), he fired all but 23 staffers at its headquarters, including clerks. Not for nothing did *Fortune* rank Rumsfeld one of America's "toughest bosses."

Rumsfeld brought the same approach to the Pentagon. "If you ran a business this way, you'd go broke awful fast," he told *BusinessWeek* soon after taking office. "[I]f he has his way," the magazine predicted, "business concepts like downsizing and restructuring will find a place next to nukes and missiles in Pentagon strategic thinking." A major 2001 report, written largely before September 11 and released just afterward, states that "DoD's organizational structure will be streamlined and flattened to take advantage of the opportunities that the rapid flow of data and information present. As in business, entire functions need to be eliminated. Boundaries must be broken to accelerate change across the entire organization, promote cooperation, share information and best practices, and institutionalize change throughout the Department." Rumsfeld installed business leaders at the tops of the individual services—including Secretary of the Army Thomas White, a former Enron executive—and promoted generals and admirals who espoused business ideas.

Rumsfeld immediately embraced Cebrowski. He placed the by-then-retired admiral in charge of a newly created Office of Force Transformation, reporting directly to the secretary. And Rumsfeld began to follow, with little deviation, the Cebrowski vision: smaller units, lighter-armored vehicles, and billions in high-tech information networks—everything from new information grids for the Navy and Air Force to the Army's Future Combat Systems, a suite of high-tech tanks, missile launchers, and unmanned surveillance vehicles.

Before September 11, however, it appeared that Rumsfeld's effort was on the verge of being written off as a failure. The conventional wisdom was that Rumsfeld had met his bureaucratic match in the Pentagon top brass. "There is almost nobody in this town who is not tearing him to pieces," one observer told *BusinessWeek* in August 2001.

But the terrorist attacks, and the subsequent war in Afghanistan, changed that. Not only did the war make internal dissent easier to repress, but Rumsfeld and his allies were also quick to claim that the war in Afghanistan, with its roaming Special Forces teams and high-tech targeting systems, was an NCW success story. Military experts have since challenged that conclusion (saying it was both too unique and too short to tell much about how future wars will be fought), but the force of Rumsfeld's personality—and thus his agenda—carried the day. NCW-based transformation went into overdrive. Iraq, in turn, was set up from the beginning to be the ultimate test of network-centric warfare: a small, high-tech invasion force, moving quickly and striking

at only those targets necessary to instill "shock and awe" in the Iraqi government. "Iraq will be the template for doctrinal changes and defense investments that will favor high-tech air power and more Special Forces," a "key" Rumsfeld adviser told *The International Herald Tribune* at the outset of the war.

ON MAY 1, 2003, Bush announced the end of "major combat operations" in Iraq. Predictably, Rumsfeld, Cebrowski, and others quickly hailed the war as the first truly network-centric conflict. "If you look at the speed of response in the efforts to target Saddam Hussein, intelligence was developed, decisions made, locations determined, forces assigned, weapons selected, and a strike made, all within about 12 minutes," Cebrowski said in an interview published in 2004. "This is an example of the time compression that's available when you put forces in the networked environment."

But this is not, to say the least, the view taken by many officers, academics, and military analysts. Granted, they say, both Afghanistan and Iraq illustrate how IT can greatly enhance our fighting capabilities, reducing casualties and increasing killing power. But that's different from saying that IT is so important that the military should replace Clausewitz with Walton—not least because battlefields are nothing like boardrooms, no matter how much technology you stuff into them.

For one, businesses don't fight each other. The executives at General Motors may talk about competing with DaimlerChrysler, but what they really mean is that they're competing for customers and through the marketplace. If company A "defeats" company B, it doesn't mean that company A physically destroys all or most of company B; it means that company A convinces enough customers to buy its products to drive company B under. After all, actually trying to destroy your competitor is usually illegal. The existence of the market is crucial for another reason as well: While individual consumers make lots of irrational choices, in aggregate, consumers—and the markets they constitute—can be objectively measured, analyzed, and, to some extent, predicted.

War is the opposite. There is no objective, mediating element; combatants, like street fighters, go one on one to physically defeat one another, with very few legal constraints. Individual decisions, at both the tactical and strategic levels, are not fully aggregated, but rather can each have wide-ranging consequences. "The uncertainties of war ... make precise calculation and control impossible. Interactions with the enemy and uncertainties associated with those interactions are fundamentally different from business interactions with either markets or competitors," wrote Colonel H.R. McMaster in an influential 2003 critique of the war-as-business model published by the Army War College. And war introduces a level of risk unseen in the corporate world. "If the military gets something wrong, people die," says Frederick Kagan, a military historian at the American Enterprise Institute and the author of the forthcoming

Finding the Target: The Transformation of American Military Policy. "You can't get around that. Businesses can take risks—and accept risks—that the military can't."

Nor can war be measured in the same way you can measure, say, sales. As McNamara learned, war is not a Newtonian operation, but an art. Clever generals can do much with very little, and poor generals can lose even with an overwhelming force. "Some things you can measure, but the intangibles, such as the will to fight, or morale, or unit cohesion, you cannot attach a number to," says Milan Vego, a military historian at the Naval War College.

And, while it's always a good idea to make the rear echelon—base maintenance, accounting, and so on—as efficient as possible, the closer things get to battle, the less important efficiency becomes. The goal is not to win at the least price in dollars, but in lives. "The business of business is money, and the business of war is victory," says Kagan. Peter Singer, a scholar at the Brookings Institution and the author of *Corporate Warriors: The Rise of the Privatized Military Industry*, notes that, the closer one gets to the battlefield, the sharper the clash between efficiency and effectiveness becomes. "Business-speak would say, 'Cut out all redundancies,'" he says. "But, to a general, redundancies are sometimes pretty good. There's a reason why, in the Marines, they say every cook is also a rifleman. Because there may well be situations where you need them to be. If you change that, then the commander in the field loses that insurance policy."

All of these problems have played out in Iraq. Indeed, if our tanks and soldiers performed admirably, the networks that they were supposed to rely on did not. A recent RAND analysis of the largest tank battle of the war found that, rather than improving the frontline commanders' intelligence picture, poor data transmissions created gaping intelligence blind spots that made it impossible to see a Republican Guard counterattack until it was right on top of the U.S. forces. "We kind of lost track of them in the smoke, haze, and confusion of the battle," an intelligence officer told *Defense News*. So much for the "post-Clausewitzian" battlefield. A June 2003 *Wired* article, examining the performance of Rumsfeld's networked occupation force, enumerated how an IT-dominated battlefield actually created new kinds of friction and fog: Information overload, overheated servers, glitches in navigational systems, and too few networked devices to go around meant that many units were left off the grid—and out of luck.

And, even if the technology—and the military's use of it—were perfect, we would still have to contend with the enemy; not a blip on the radar or a variable in a computer simulation, but a living, thinking enemy. And that's something too many NCW advocates, despite countless lessons, seem to ignore. In the Kosovo campaign, Serbs quickly learned how to use decoys to distract American pilots. In Afghanistan, Taliban fighters realized how to use rough terrain and weather conditions to fool night vision and other sensors. And, of course, the suicide bomber is the technolo-

gy-killer supreme—even the most high-tech equipment will not make U.S. forces impervious to people willing to die in an attack.

As the Iraq war drags on, insurgents have figured out that a reliance on just-in-time logistics (streams of trucks delivering water, food, and other supplies to troops just as they run out)—instead of bulky supply dumps—makes troops vulnerable. Again, such networks are great for Wal-Mart, but only because it's illegal for Target and Kmart to attack those supply lines. By 2004 in Iraq, however, "the insurgents started to hit the supply convoys hard," says retired Colonel T.X. Hammes. "Because we were doing nearly just-in-time supply and not building 'iron mountains,' the forces in Iraq faced a real logistics crisis."

THE COURSE of the war has not altered Rumsfeld's plans. With casualties mounting and Democrats casting the war as a quagmire, *Defense News* noted in spring 2004 that Rumsfeld had issued "speed goals," in which the branches would "structure themselves to deploy to a distant theater in 10 days, defeat an enemy within 30 days, and be ready for an additional fight within another 30 days"—the next step in the military's transformation into a force capable of performing a narrow range of tasks very well, but little else. And the 2005 QDR, while paying lip service to the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, puts more emphasis on expensive, purportedly "transformational," systems like the Army's Future Combat Systems and the Navy's \$3.5 billion DD(X) destroyer; meanwhile, it actually calls for fewer troops and underfunds the Army in favor of the more NCW-friendly Air Force and Navy, even though the Army is the service bearing the brunt of the war effort in Iraq. NCW is clearly still the Pentagon's goal.

Which is not to say that Rumsfeld's transformation agenda is proceeding at full speed. Cebrowski passed away last year, his critics are growing in number, and his acolytes complain about the slow pace of military transformation. But there's evidence that the paradigm remains in place and that NCW has become the new black—the norm around which the defense-industrial complex fits itself. Every new defense contract gets labeled "transformational," and the industry has even developed transformation-measuring metrics. And, as a result of Rumsfeld's transformation focus, funds have been unavailable for even the most basic equipment. An October 2005 Government Accountability Office study found gaping readiness deficiencies in many of the military's core equipment categories, from tanks to jets.

Which means that, like the military's previous obsession with a businesslike, tech-centric battlefield in the '60s, it will take more than just a few good articles in *Proceedings*, or even a change in the civilian management, to burst the Pentagon's dot-com bubble. It took the disaster of Vietnam to dispel the McNamara myth. Will it take a similar disaster in Iraq—with all the ensuing social, political, and security fallout—to bankrupt Rumsfeld Inc.? ■

BOOKS & THE ARTS

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS Opposites

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? This question has been the dynamics of stories ever since stories began. Allow for a few flurries of difference along the way, and that prime question has prevailed through the ages until the last century. In the introduction to *The Other American Drama*, a book that deals with the twentieth century, Marc Robinson writes: "In their own highly individual ways, each of the writers discussed here turns his or her attention away from plots, reducing their importance or eliminating them altogether, and rediscovers the essential elements of dramatic form—language, gesture, presence." I would venture that this reduction by playwrights—and later by film-makers—has even more to do with social perception than with aesthetic revision. Increasingly, dramatists and film-makers are less concerned with what their characters do next, and more concerned with the fact that, in any deeply committed sense, those characters don't really know what to do next. Or at any rate are not bursting to do it. This suspension, during which the characters must live and somehow function, has been the pith of more and more films, many of them from abroad. Here now is one from Korea.

WOMAN IS THE FUTURE OF MAN is the fifth feature written and directed by Hong Sang-soo (b. 1960), but only the second to be shown in this country. The two main characters in his film, set in and around Seoul today, behave as if their lives have direction: one is a film-maker trained in America, the other an art teacher at a local university, and each in his way has career projects in mind. But Hong knows more about

these young men than they know about themselves. They make some moves in the picture, but the shape and pace of the film murmur otherwise—these men's lives are emptier than they are willing to acknowledge.

At the start the film-maker meets with his old friend the art teacher, who takes him to a restaurant where they sit at a table, eat, drink, and talk for five or six minutes—in one shot, unedited, unvaried. What the two men reveal about their pasts, especially in regard to the same young woman, connects with their relationship and plans, but the

very persistence of the shot itself is Hong's overriding comment. He is telling us that the two men are static—not in their visible careers but in their most private beings. Hong uses this held-shot device again, with these two and with others: it is his means to depict stasis.

External action occurs, as the two men part and meet again and go out on impromptu parties. Sex—with the woman earlier discussed and with others—happens several times in several ways, but the sex seems the fulfillment of social routine by the participants, rather than heat. (During one encounter, the woman actually asks the man, "Can I moan?") Everything personal that occurs in the film seems casual, spontaneous, a mimesis of inner beings that are covered with a patina of purpose.

The danger in Hong's procedure is obvious. Dramatists learned long ago that it is risky to include a static character because he may so easily bore the audience. (To see how a static character can be used dramatically, look at Giulia in Antonioni's *L'Avventura*.) Hong is not entirely successful here. His two young men are touched by tedium from

time to time: we wait a bit impatiently for the next cigarette or the next desultory chat with a woman. But most of the time we are held by a conviction that Hong not only knows what he is risking, he is doing it for a grave contemporary purpose. He is one of the many artists these days who are contravening traditional structure as they attempt to depict a widespread malaise. They certainly are not all good artists merely because of this interest: but some of them are, and all of them are disquietingly significant.

Exactly opposite in concept and execution is **GAME 6**. "What happens next?" is its reason for existence. The author is the eminent novelist Don DeLillo, who has also written plays: this is his first screenplay. He has an interesting theme, somewhat reminiscent of his novel *Underworld*, which used a major league baseball game in 1951 as a centerpiece. Here a World Series game between the Boston Red Sox and the New York Mets, on October 25, 1986, is a central element. A playwright named Nicky Rogan is a rabid Red Sox fan. He has a play opening on Broadway the night of the game, so there are two tensions working in him.

An idea lurks here. Some drama critics have said that major sporting events are the best theater in modern America. The two dramatic spectacles, the World Series game and the Broadway opening, are obviously different in scope, but their juxtaposition is intriguing and could even be revelatory. But DeLillo felt he needed a plot, and he invented one that is shockingly bad for a novelist of his accomplishment. (A recurrent voice-over rhapsody about New York traffic as a symbol of contemporary life is not much help.) It isn't the use of a plot that degrades the picture: it is the degrading plot itself—which isn't even a good cartoon of a too-busy plot.

Multiple details are not needed. One story strand will do. A theater critic in New York is considered a monster, so hated by theater people that he has to wear wigs and makeup and disguises on opening nights. (This critic stays on in the theater after the performance to

**WOMAN IS THE
FUTURE OF MAN**
(New Yorker)

GAME 6
(Serenade)

scribble his review amid the empty seats, which, by the time the plot has reached this point, is so ridiculous that it isn't even laughable.) Rogan, overwrought by the Red Sox's loss and the strain of opening night, goes to the critic's home after the performance to shoot

him. Rogan has a daughter, and he discovers her there with the critic, undressed. The hammering and sawing of plot carpentry is almost deafening.

Michael Keaton plays the playwright, Robert Downey Jr. plays the critic, Harris Yulin plays a Broadway star. These

are facts. But did DeLillo really write the script? Probably, or there would be legal ructions. That's why I pick up the newspaper daily, hoping to read that DeLillo has started legal action against the film's producers for stealing his name. ■

Damon Linker

Without a Doubt

A Catholic priest, a pious president, and the Christianizing of America.

CATHOLIC MATTERS:
CONFUSION, CONTROVERSY, AND
THE SPLENDOR OF TRUTH
By Richard John Neuhaus
(Basic Books, 272 pp., \$25)

I.

LIBERAL MODERNITY EXASPERATES traditional religion. It fosters a pluralism that denies any one faith the power to organize the whole of social life. It teaches that public authorities must submit to the consent of those over whom they aspire to rule, thereby undermining the legitimacy of all forms of absolutism. It employs the systematic skepticism of the scientific method to settle important questions of public policy. It encourages the growth of the capitalist marketplace, which unleashes human appetites and gives individuals the freedom to choose among an ever-expanding range of ways to satisfy them.

None of this means that modernity necessarily produces "secularization": the persistence of piety in America is a massive stumbling block to anyone wishing to maintain that the modern age is just a long march toward atheism. But if modernity does not lead inexorably to godlessness, the social, political, scientific, and economic dynamism of modern life nonetheless requires that traditionalist believers make a choice. They can adapt to modernity by embracing at least some degree of liberalization—or they

can set out to combat the modern dispensation in the name of theological purity. A tension between these alternatives—between liberal religion and anti-liberal religion—runs through the history of nearly every modern nation, including the United States.

A majority of the American founders were deistic Episcopalians, and since the late eighteenth century the country's political culture has been dominated by liberal Protestantism. But that is far from the whole story. From the "Great Awakenings" of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries through the rancorous battle between "modernist" and "fundamentalist" Protestants in the 1920s to today's conflicts over teaching "intelligent design" in the nation's classrooms, the country has repeatedly experienced outbursts of populist religious fervor by those who passionately reject central features of liberal modernity, including the authority of science and the legitimacy of a secular and pluralist political order.

Whether or not the recent prominence of religiosity in the nation's public life signals that America is undergoing a new Great Awakening, it is undeniable that the rise of the Republican Party to electoral dominance in the past generation has been greatly aided by the politicization of culturally alienated traditionalist Christians. Countless press reports in recent years have noted that much of the religious right's political strength derives from the exertions of millions of anti-liberal evangelical Protestants. Much less widely understood is the more fundamental role of a small group of staunchly conservative Catholic intellectuals in providing traditionalist Christians of any and every denomination

with a comprehensive ideology to justify their political ambitions. In the political economy of the religious right, Protestants supply the bulk of the bodies, but it is Catholics who supply the ideas.

Several Catholic writers have contributed to fashioning a potent governing philosophy for traditionalist Christians, but the one who has exercised the greatest influence on the ideological agenda of the religious right is Richard John Neuhaus—a Catholic convert from Lutheranism, and a priest who for the past two decades has attempted to lead an interdenominational religious insurgency against the secular drift of American politics and culture since the 1960s. In his voluminous but remarkably consistent writings, Neuhaus has sought nothing less than to reverse the fortunes of traditionalist religion in modern America—to teach conservative Christians how to place liberal modernity, once and for all, on the defensive. Any attempt to come to terms with the religious challenge to secular politics in contemporary America must confront Neuhaus's enormously ambitious and increasingly influential enterprise.

II.

LIKE SO MANY OF THE MOST successful conservative intellectuals in America today, Neuhaus began his life of public engagement elsewhere on the political spectrum—though unlike the secular Jewish intellectuals who went on to become neoconservatives, Neuhaus was no Cold War liberal out to defend dispassionate public policy-making against the excesses of the far left. As the head of

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a largely black parish straddling the inner-city Brooklyn neighborhoods of Bedford-Stuyvesant and Williamsburg, the young Reverend Neuhaus was a leftist inspired by an intense Christian piety and the writings of such radical authors as C. Wright Mills to lead angry protests against what he saw as the oppressive rule of a racist and militaristic "regime" in the United States.

In 1965, Neuhaus co-founded the most important religiously based antiwar organization of the time, Clergy Concerned About Vietnam (later renamed Clergy and Laity Concerned About Vietnam), with Abraham Joshua Heschel and Daniel Berrigan. In subsequent years he acted as the New York liaison for Martin Luther King Jr. in King's attempt to bring the civil rights movement to the slums of the urban North. He was arrested in a march down Michigan Avenue at the explosive Democratic National Convention in 1968. Neuhaus insinuated in his sermons that the Vietnam War was divine punishment for the collective sins of the United States, and he described the Vietnamese people as "God's instruments for bringing the American empire to its knees." He even contemplated the morality of participating in armed revolution to overthrow the government of the United States.

THAT WAS IN 1970. JUST OVER a decade later, Neuhaus would gain a reputation as a defender of Ronald Reagan's escalation of the Cold War. The catalyst for his rapid ideological metamorphosis was his revulsion at the moral and cultural confusion that appeared to permeate the nation during the mid-1970s. Military and moral defeat in Vietnam, a criminal conspiracy in the White House leading to a presidential resignation, lingering racial unrest in the nation's cities, a crippling gasoline shortage and subsequent economic stagnation: Neuhaus was hardly alone in concluding that the United States had entered a period of profound uncertainty, even paralysis. Indeed, for a time this became the conventional wisdom among the country's leading writers and intellectuals, many of whom wrote books and articles intended to diagnose and prescribe a cure for the nation's ills. Neuhaus's contributions to this literature were unusually ambitious, seeking to explain not only why the nation suffered from such a lack of confidence and sense of purpose in the mid-1970s, but also why

during the previous decade the country's leaders had perpetuated grave injustices in race relations and foreign policy, as well as why the American people had failed to rise up against these injustices once the protest movement had brought them to public attention. Neuhaus's writings in this period were also unusual in that they traced these manifold and longstanding problems to a single source—a national "crisis of meaning," by which he meant a crisis of religion.

This crisis, Neuhaus claimed, had its roots in a spiritual conflict between a narrow band of elites and the vast majority of the American people. Building on and radicalizing his earlier portrait of a country ruled by a hostile and unjust "regime," Neuhaus now portrayed a nation governed by a class of decadent intellectuals who espoused a form of "secularized liberalism that has been cut off from its religious roots and robbed of its power to provide meaning." By contrast, the vast majority of Americans made their way in the world using ideas and principles derived from "explicit religion," which for all practical purposes meant "some form of Christianity or Judaism." But this religious majority had been excluded from "participating with religious seriousness in the political process" by the "religiously 'emancipated,'" who held a "virtual monopoly" on "respectable public discourse." As a result, millions of Americans felt understandably alienated from the public life of the nation. It was this alienation that by the mid-1970s had dulled the nation's moral senses and sapped its spiritual strength.

Neuhaus maintained that overcoming this alienation was a matter of extreme urgency. Failure to respond to it effectively could lead to a far deeper national malaise, even to a loss of the "moral cohesion without which a nation eventually collapses." As he put it in characteristically apocalyptic terms, "Unless there is a new and widely convincing assertion of the religious meaning of liberal democracy, it will not survive the next century." And because of America's unprecedented influence on the world as a whole, such a wholesale spiritual implosion in the United States could initiate a worldwide "new dark age." Neuhaus even suggested that the stakes were so high and the challenges so great that the country required the aid of someone with extraordinary theoretical and practical vision—someone with the vision of a "Christian Marx."

Not that Neuhaus endorsed communism or any other aspect of Marxist ideology. He simply wished to highlight Marx's success at fashioning a comprehensive system of thought that inspired millions, providing them with final, authoritative answers to every human question. Only a man of such enormous gifts would be capable of giving the United States what it so manifestly craved and required: an ideological "alternative both to Marxism and secularized liberalism" that would grant the nation "a definition of reality, an ideology, based on Jewish-Christian religion, that [was] as creative, comprehensive, and compelling as was Marx's definition of reality."

NEUHAUS'S WRITINGS FROM the mid-1970s (including the now largely forgotten *Time* *Toward Home: The American Experiment as Revelation*) were his first attempts to cast himself in this exalted role—to become America's Christian Marx, and create a comprehensive religious ideology that would enable the United States to break out of its spiritual crisis. At the most basic level, this ideology would have to be more radically and consistently populist than the one that had prevailed during the 1960s. Unlike the progressive elites of the previous decade, who issued revolutionary declarations from on high and expected the American majority to follow, the intellectuals of the present and future needed to take precisely the opposite approach—to tease out, to clarify and amplify, what the majority already believed. Against such writers as Richard Hofstadter and Daniel Bell, who criticized the politically volatile "paranoia" associated with populist politics in America, Neuhaus pointed out (in a clumsy version of Delmore Schwartz's old joke) that "paranoiacs can be persecuted too." Indeed, "there is a kind of persecution felt by many ordinary Americans in the thinly veiled disdain with which they are viewed by many intellectuals." The genuinely populist intellectuals that America needed would have to overcome the pernicious effects of such persecution and disdain by empowering the people, politically and intellectually.

Neuhaus claimed that his proposed fusion of extreme populism and theological doctrine would lead to a "radical rethinking of the role of religion in the public realm." The point of such rethinking was not to engage in a nationwide "return to religion," but rather to be-

come “more honest and articulate about the religious dynamics that do in fact shape our public life” without our being fully aware of it. Drawing on the work of Paul Tillich, Neuhaus asserted that whether or not it is publicly acknowledged, politics in all times and places is finally an expression of culture, and culture is finally an expression of religion. The fate of democracy in America was thus inseparable from the fate of public religiosity in America.

Over the past several generations, Neuhaus instructed, fashionable secularist theories had not so much eradicated as concealed this truth from us. But ordinary Americans, unlike the corrupt and corrupting secularist intellectuals who had come to set the terms of public debate in the country, continued to understand—at an unarticulated and intuitive level—the crucial role of religion in healthy and vibrant politics, and to sense that the “American experiment” requires a “transcendent point of reference to which we are corporately accountable.” It was the duty of intellectuals to learn this lesson from the people, and then to construct arguments to justify their wisdom.

Once the new breed of religious intellectuals had succeeded in convincing the American people that it is legitimate to make “religious, specifically biblical, truth claims” in public, they could then take their national tutorial to the next level—by seeking to transform the way Americans think of their country and its role in world history. In place of the notion of a “contract” among equal citizens, which secular intellectuals and academic political theorists had done their best to spread among the American people, Neuhaus proposed that the American experiment in self-government be reconceived in terms of a communal “covenant” under God. Unlike the signatories to a contract, who view the world through the lens of individual self-interest, the members of a covenantal community think and act in light of a time in which “judgment is rendered, forgiveness bestowed, renewal begun, and the experiment either vindicated or repudiated.” For this reason, talk of a covenant raises questions about the eschaton—the “end times” in which individuals and peoples will be judged by the Lord. Neuhaus wished his readers to believe that God is watching and judging our every action as individuals and as a nation—and that we ought to

order our public life in light of his divine oversight.

Responding to the liberal concern that such speculation about God’s plans for the nation would inspire religious extremism and heighten sectarian conflict, Neuhaus claimed that it would have a much more salutary effect, curing America’s spiritual malaise by generating “a unifying source of meaning” for the entire American population. By “renewing our religious understanding of the American experience,” the revival of “eschatological urgency” would lead the country to unite with confidence and in common purpose like never before—or at least for the first time since a “relentless secularism in the public realm” began to “eviscerate” American society.

Indeed, Neuhaus went so far as to argue that it was in fact the exclusion of eschatological speculation from public life that was “unhealthy, unnatural, and possibly lethal to our hopes for a common purpose as a people,” and perhaps even “lethal to our hopes for continued life together.” Eventually religious Americans would grow weary of subverting their faith to secular pieties, and they would demand an end to the tyranny of public godlessness. And so, many years before it would become common to speak of a “culture war” in the United States, Neuhaus prophesied the disintegration of America along cultural and religious lines, with secularists and religious believers going their separate ways and, one imagines, even coming to blows.

III.

NEUHAUS’S ARGUMENTS IN favor of a radical religious populism came to seem prescient with the rise of the new Christian right, and above all the Moral Majority, founded by Jerry Falwell in 1979 in order to combat the spread of “secular humanism.” It would take Neuhaus several years to respond at length to this development. He finally did so in his most influential (and best) book, *The Naked Public Square: Religion and Democracy in America*, which appeared in 1984. Published in the run-up to the general election, when journalists were focusing increasingly anxious attention on conservative evangelicalism and its influence on Ronald Reagan’s campaign, Neuhaus argued that the emergence of the Moral Majority had “kicked a tripwire” in the United States, alerting all

thoughtful citizens to a fundamental, and potentially fatal, tension in modern American life. “We insist,” he wrote, that “we are a democratic society, yet we have in recent decades systematically excluded from policy considerations the operative values of the American people, values that are overwhelmingly grounded in religious belief.”

The cause of this anti-democratic trend was the spread of the idea that the United States is a secular society. Drawing on the work of the conservative philosopher Alasdair MacIntyre, Neuhaus described the cultural elites who had promulgated the secularist thesis as “barbarians” who had emancipated themselves from the moral and religious truths that all “civilized people consider self-evident.” These barbarians had exercised an enormous influence on the country, demanding that religious Americans “produce evidence for the self-evident” or else withdraw from public debate. Neuhaus described this withdrawal in several ways, but the most striking was the image that provided his title: secularists were out to create “the naked public square”—a public square that had been thoroughly stripped of religiously based moral arguments.

Neuhaus contended also that the secularists who had denuded the public square had been abetted by the decline (theological and demographic) of the mainline Protestant churches since the early 1960s. The Episcopal, Congregationalist, Presbyterian, and Methodist denominations had together provided the country with a unifying religious vision, but in recent years these denominations (as well as the other members of the mainline umbrella organization, the National Council of Churches) had begun to shirk their civic and religious duties by accommodating themselves to explicitly anti-religious trends in American culture, and by cutting themselves off from the deep religious convictions of the vast majority of the American people. The effect of this development had been to transform the mainline churches into liberal special interest groups lacking any distinctive theological teaching. As a result, these once culturally dominant denominations were in free fall, being rapidly overtaken by a populist insurgency of evangelicals and fundamentalists.

In Neuhaus’s view, this populist religious uprising demonstrated beyond a shadow of a doubt that, despite its public

prominence, secularism could never prevail in the United States—that, in fact, Americans were and would remain “a Christian people.” Yet Neuhaus also insisted that the triumph of secularism was an active possibility to be struggled against at all costs—one that might very well lead to the moral collapse of the nation. At times this tension nearly derailed his thinking. In the end, he avoided incoherence by making a series of clarifying (and explosive) assertions and predictions, arguing that the public affirmation of some kind of absolute authority was inevitable because “transcendence abhors a vacuum.” The attempt to expunge traditional religious faith from public life would thus end up empowering an “ersatz religion” of the state (most likely a “distinctly American form of Communism”). The true danger of the advance of secularism was not that it would succeed in creating a society without religion, but rather that “it will lead—not next year, maybe not in twenty years, but all too soon—to totalitarianism.” Unless, that is, the country first experienced a violent rebellion on the part of those traditionalist believers who refused to go along with the establishment of the substitute state religion.

America faced a cataclysmic future. The country’s only hope of avoiding these nightmares was for it to embrace the re-invigoration of public religiosity—or, in the language of Neuhaus’s metaphor, to re-clothe the public square. But it was far from clear how this should be accomplished. On the one hand, Neuhaus indicated that “populist resentment against the logic of the naked public square is a source of hope.” On the other hand, he insisted that simply allowing each and every religious group to bring its own distinctive truth claims to bear on public questions would not yield the “voice of Christian America.” It would instead produce a range of divergent and conflicting divine claims, each based on private revelation or parochial tradition.

The case of the Moral Majority demonstrated this more vividly than any other. However justified their grievances against the creeping secularism of American life, Falwell and his followers had understandably alienated their fellow citizens, even those who sympathized with their aims. The reason was obvious: the religious agenda of the evangelicals was based almost entirely on the publicly unverifiable and subjective experiences of being “born again” in Christ—experiences

that were utterly incapable of persuading non-believers or people of other faiths. Even if the moral majoritarians were to become a genuine electoral majority, their faith-based policies would justly be viewed by non-evangelical Americans as an illegitimate and coercive imposition of private moral and religious views onto the nation as a whole by force. The public comportment of the evangelicals thus threatened to set back the cause of revitalizing public religion by confirming the warnings of liberal secularists about the inevitably private character of religious faith—and about how the very attempt to bring religiously based moral arguments into the public sphere produces a rancorous politics that amounts to “civil war carried on by other means.”

The Naked Public Square contained Neuhaus’s first tentative attempt to solve the problem of the evangelicals by developing an alternative way for them to talk about religion in public. Instead of referring to their personal religious experiences, they would adopt a non-denominational “public language of moral purpose,” as well as learn to make more sophisticated, intellectually respectable arguments about American society and history, democracy and justice, culture and the law. Such language and arguments could be effectively deployed not just by evangelicals but by any Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish opponent of secular politics.

EXACTLY WHAT THIS INTERDENOMINATIONAL opposition to secularism would look and sound like—and precisely what policies it would demand—was left somewhat vague in *The Naked Public Square*. Neuhaus would clarify the matter in 1987, in *The Catholic Moment*, when he confounded his fellow Lutherans by calling on the Roman Catholic Church to assume “its rightful role in the culture-forming task of constructing a religiously informed public philosophy for the American experiment in ordered liberty.” Neuhaus was now convinced that Catholicism’s tradition of natural-law theorizing could serve as a (supposedly) universal moral-religious vocabulary for the nation’s public life. In the words of Neuhaus’s friend and ally George Weigel, whereas evangelicals and fundamentalist Protestants resorted to citing “proof-texts from Scripture,” which convinced no one who was not already a

believer in biblical literalism, Catholic natural law could act as a morally absolute “philosophical foundation” to which “virtually all men and women of good will” could appeal.

In future years, as Neuhaus drew ever closer to the Vatican (he converted to Catholicism in 1990 and was ordained a priest the following year), it became clear that what he meant by “natural law” was most clearly and usefully expressed in Pope John Paul II’s social encyclicals. In these statements, the pope frequently referred to a “culture of death” in the Western world, in which the drive toward individual autonomy increasingly trumps the absolute, inviolable rights of persons. Legalized abortion was the worst example of the trend. For the pontiff, when a society fails to recognize that “procured abortion is the deliberate and direct killing ... of a human being in the initial phase of his or her existence” and as such must be outlawed and punished as a crime, it is evidence of “an extremely dangerous crisis of the moral sense, which is becoming more and more incapable of distinguishing between good and evil.”

Once this crisis becomes advanced in a nation, it begins to permit and even to encourage the taking or manipulation of life for any number of trivial and egoistic reasons. First euthanasia, cloning, and research on human embryos are legalized; then these practices become commonplace; and lastly the society begins to mandate death for the weakest and most vulnerable. In order to prevent this moral collapse, governments must begin to re-orient themselves toward absolutes. They must intervene to prevent the taking of innocent life—to forestall the culture of death and foster a culture of life. When they fail to do so, these states—even otherwise liberal states—begin to resemble the worst totalitarian tyrannies of the twentieth century.

In Neuhaus’s view, John Paul II’s uniquely sweeping attack on legalized abortion—which portrayed it as the leading edge of a much broader trend toward nihilistic despotism—could serve to galvanize conservative Christians, convincing them of the dire necessity of toiling together to redeem the nation from its dalliance with death. All Christians were called to witness the unspeakable evil taking place in their midst, in hospitals and abortion clinics, in every city, in every state, on every day of the year—with the supposed sanction of the

Constitution of the United States, and thus with the tacit approval of every American citizen. Christians owed it to God, to their country, to the defenseless victims of constitutionally protected lethal violence, and to the mothers who inexplicably inflict that violence to do everything in their power to build a culture in which every human being, from conception through natural death, is "protected by law and welcomed in life." At the very least, Christians were called to vote exclusively for pro-life politicians—which meant, in practice, to vote exclusively for the Republican Party.

IN REPLY TO THE CHARGE THAT HE was attempting to import absolutist Catholic moral doctrine into American democracy, Neuhaus drew on the writing and example of John Courtney Murray, one of American Catholicism's most important and idiosyncratic twentieth-century thinkers, who died in 1967. Murray, a Jesuit, had been notorious in Church circles in the years leading up to the Second Vatican Council for arguing that the Vatican's historical opposition to democracy, toleration, and liberalism arose only in understandable reaction to the anti-clericalism of continental European politics since the French Revolution, and not from clear-eyed analysis of the political possibilities opened up by modernity as such. In Murray's view, American history showed that another political arrangement was possible under modern conditions—one that was far more accommodating to religion in general and to Catholicism in particular. The Church thus owed it to the world to moderate its stance and begin explicitly defending American-style liberal democracy.

In Catholic circles, this was a highly controversial contention at the time Murray advanced it—first in a series of academic articles in the 1950s, and then in his now-classic book *We Hold These Truths: Catholic Reflections on the American Proposition*, which appeared in 1960. His argument was so divisive, in fact, that he was omitted from the American delegation to the first session of Vatican II. The intervention of a handful of American bishops produced an invitation to the second session, where his views were essentially vindicated in the Council's "Declaration on Religious Freedom," known as *Dignitatis Humanae*, in which the Church embraced democracy and human rights for the first time in its history.

Neuhaus thoroughly endorses the Vatican's Murray-inspired thaw with regard to democracy and human rights, as do most Catholics in America and around the world. But equally important for Neuhaus's project were a different and much more contentious set of arguments that Murray made about the character of the American political system itself. In Murray's view, the reason that the United States had proven to be such an accommodating place for religion was that (in the words of the historian Patrick Allitt) it had "preserved the political-philosophical heritage of medieval Christendom better than any European nation, even the ostensibly Catholic monarchies of France and Spain." As improbable as it sounded, Murray insisted that despite its incorrigible Protestantism, the United States was the Western nation that more than any other had "faithfully carried the heritage of Catholic Christendom into the mid-twentieth century."

This was an extraordinary act of historical revisionism—one in which Catholicism was portrayed not as the enemy of modern liberalism but rather as its true source and indispensable foundation. Murray maintained that, from the country's seventeenth-century origins, the American people had tacitly adhered to a Catholic-Christian consensus on moral matters. John Winthrop supposedly gave voice to this consensus when he described the Puritans as constructing a "city on a hill." Thomas Jefferson drew on it in the Declaration of Independence when he enumerated certain "self-evident truths" and God-given rights to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Abraham Lincoln gestured toward it in his second inaugural address when he meditated on the providential meaning of the Civil War. Updating the point, Neuhaus insinuated that Ronald Reagan translated this same consensus into twentieth-century terms when he claimed that the United States was engaged in a world-historical struggle to defend freedom against the "evil empire" of atheistic totalitarianism. Even America's embrace of religious toleration and the disestablishment of religion could be traced to the nation's underlying Catholic-Christian heritage, for (as Neuhaus put it in a highly Murrayan passage) "it is not chiefly a secular but a religious restraint that prevents biblical believers from coercing others in matters of conscience."

In Neuhaus's view, it is only in recent years that the natural-law founda-

tion of American democracy has come under attack by a rabid secularist ideology. Earlier in American history, the responsibility for defending the country's moral and religious consensus against its secularist assailants would have fallen to the Protestant churches. But with the Protestant mainline infected with theological liberalism, the time had come for the Catholic Church to take on this daunting responsibility—to accept the task of preserving and even reconstituting America's theological identity. As Weigel wrote in 1989, nicely summarizing Neuhaus's position, the issue was not whether Catholicism was "compatible with democracy" but instead whether American democracy "could survive unless it reconstructed a public consensus around those 'elementary affirmations' upon which it was founded—affirmations whose roots... were not the original product of the Enlightenment and its American deist heirs, but of the Catholic medieval theory of man and society." Either the United States would return to its medieval Catholic roots or the very existence of its democratic order would be imperiled. Those, according to Neuhaus and his ideological allies, were America's only options.

IV.

NEUHAUS TEACHES TRADITIONALIST Christians that they need not choose between modern America and their theological convictions, because, rightly understood, modern America has a theological—and specifically Catholic—essence. He has pushed this position for nearly twenty years now—in books, in his magazine *First Things*, in sympathetic Washington think tanks, and even in the White House, where George W. Bush receives counsel on social policy from the man he affectionately calls "Father Richard." This is why Neuhaus's new book is so important: it gives us a detailed and up-to-date account of the kind of Catholicism that he is peddling, which he aims to inject into the heart of American public life.

Neuhaus begins *Catholic Matters* by highlighting the many contemporary problems that afflict the Catholic Church in the United States: sharply declining vocations for the priesthood; widespread disregard among the laity for the Church's stringent sexual teachings; divisive and seemingly endless conflicts over the meaning and the implications of

Vatican II; and above all the sexual abuse of children and teenagers by priests, and its cover-up by bishops seemingly more concerned with public relations than with protecting the most vulnerable members of their flocks. The Catholic left responds to these myriad problems by proposing that the Church embrace liberalization, permitting marriage for priests, the use of contraception, liturgical experimentation, and a much larger role for the laity in church governance in order to tame the hierarchy's self-regarding clericalism. A tiny band of reactionaries on the Catholic far right takes the opposite tack, claiming that everything would be solved by returning to the pre-Vatican II Church of the Latin Mass. Neuhaus firmly rejects both proposals in favor of a position he describes as "centrist," but which is actually quite radical.

All of these and many other problems, he claims, can be traced to an insidious culture of dissent infesting American Catholicism. The proper response, according to Neuhaus, is for Catholics to learn how to "think with the Church"—by which he means to submit absolutely to the authority of the Vatican. Readers of Neuhaus's magazine column, "The Public Square," will recall this line of argument from his response to the sex-abuse scandal. For many Catholics, the scandal raised serious questions about what it was in the institutional practices of the Church that made possible such sordid crimes. The fact that so many priests were accused of sexually molesting children and teenagers—as opposed to, say, embezzling from church coffers—seemed to point directly to a problem in the Church's teachings and practices regarding sex. But not according to Neuhaus. In a series of essays published throughout 2002 and 2003, he argued instead that the scandal should be blamed on a widespread lack of "fidelity" among clergy to the moral and sexual teachings of the Church: "If bishops and priests had been faithful to the Church's teachings and their sacred vows, there would be no crisis." This was, to say the least, an odd interpretation—one that was about as enlightening as saying that theft would never occur if people obeyed laws against stealing.

Now Neuhaus has revived the argument and expanded it into a full-blown theology of radical obedience to Church authority. He makes his case for obedience by way of an autobiographical ac-

First Time, Long Time

Those big oily birds cleaning their feathers on the roof, what are they called? The radio crackles. All over the city installations open their white walls to greet us with mystification. Blind the grey arthritic cat leans his clouded head on his paw waiting for footsteps. Wind plays the chime. How can it be the first and last time all at once? The old woman hobbled out of the school bus. So much sun, dead middle of summer, worse than it's ever been. I love baseball, it makes me angry and hopeful for justice. I once rode a boat all night past the dark islands, my fingers were playing a tiny violin everyone heard, no one knew what it was, they thought a music box in the luggage had opened. I remember holding a coin, but not why I said I too see the lights of Tunisia, Brooklyn, Spain, it took ages to cross three avenues through the morning to where I could sit down like an American and start writing this for you.

MATTHEW ZAPRUDER

count of how he himself came to embrace the Catholic Church. Somewhat implausibly, he claims that from the time of his youth, as the son of a staunchly conservative Lutheran pastor in the rural community of Pembroke, Ontario, he suspected that his Catholic neighbors possessed and enjoyed something "more" than he did. "More" of what? They belonged to a church that could trace its authority directly to Jesus Christ and the apostles, whereas he and his family merely belonged to a latter-day Protestant offshoot of that primordial ecclesial community—and one whose foundation, Martin Luther's break from Rome, was a monumental act of disobedience.

As Neuhaus tells the story, these vague intimations of inadequacy multiplied after he followed in his father's footsteps to become a Lutheran minister. He claims he grew troubled that Lutheranism seemed to be a mere "voluntary association" that parishioners felt free to join and leave at will. He longed for religion to be a "communal and sacramental given," not a mere "choice" or "personal preference." Comparing his own humble parish to the "magisterial" teaching authority that the Catholic Church claims for itself in matters of faith and morals, Neuhaus began to think of himself as a "priest, bishop, and pope, accountable to no Magisterium but my own." And this autonomy was intolerable. Soon he started to sense that his loyalty to Lutheranism was merely loyalty to himself, which was really "no loyalty at all," and to crave "submission to an other, and finally to the Other."

But unlike evangelical Protestants and Pentecostals, who readily submit themselves directly to God by way of what they believe to be the personal intervention of Jesus Christ or the Holy Spirit, Neuhaus pined for instantiated divinity. He longed to join a community, a tradition, an institution—in short, a church. Or rather, *the Church*. As far as he was concerned, the only alternative to obedience was for him to contribute to the "cacophony of Christians making it up as they go along," which was indistinguishable from giving in to the "rebellious spirit of John Milton's Satan." Becoming a Catholic, he concluded, would enable him to dissolve himself into what he describes as the "sheer *isness*" of Catholicism—to leave behind the ideology of the "autonomous self" who seeks the "gloriously independent actualization of *me*." It was in this spirit of self-erasure that he joyfully became a Catholic.

Much of Neuhaus's book is devoted to responding to imagined critics of his blatantly authoritarian understanding of Catholicism. To those who would accuse him of having a "felt need for authority," Neuhaus proudly declares that "of course" he does, "as should we all." We must submit to an authority that will provide us with criteria and standards for deciding between rival claims to truth, he believes, because relying on ourselves alone (on our own "private judgment") inevitably produces confusion and indecision. But how can we know, by what authority can we determine, which authority is the right author-

ity? This is a significant problem for anyone who combines a longing to obey with a refusal to recognize as authoritative the traditions into which he happens to have been born.

CARL SCHMITT, THE POLITICAL theorist who devoted a great deal of thought to this dilemma, determined that such men have no choice but to make an arbitrary yet resolute decision to obey some authority, any authority. Taking account of the options in Germany in 1933, Schmitt swore obedience to Hitler. Neuhaus, of course, makes an infinitely more respectable decision in favor of the Vatican. He does so because, in his words, "the promise of Jesus that he would send the Holy Spirit to guide his disciples" is a "promise made to the Church." But why does Neuhaus—and why should we—trust this promise? He claims that he can know that the Church's authority is worthy of his obedience in the same way that a bride can "know" that her "bridegroom will be faithful." Though Neuhaus does not employ the term, what he is describing is merely another leap of faith, a melodramatic form of cosmic confidence that derives its psychological strength from its aversion to philosophical thinking.

The key to making this foundational leap of faith a successful one (especially for a skeptical intellectual) is the exorcism of doubt. In this Neuhaus follows John Henry Newman, the acclaimed Catholic apologist who converted to the Church in 1845 in large part to escape the corrosive "liberalism" he believed had infected nineteenth-century Anglicanism. Like Newman, Neuhaus went to Rome in search of certitude. He appeals to Newman again and again in his book, most memorably in twice quoting Newman's assertion that having "ten thousand difficulties" with the Church's teachings on faith, morals, or doctrine ought not to "add up to a [single] doubt" about their truth. A Catholic can have trouble affirming something taught by Rome, but in the end he must conclude that the difficulty arises from his own resistance to obedience or a misunderstanding and not from any error in the teaching itself. The pope, Neuhaus implies, is always right. (When politics intrudes, however, Neuhaus honors this idea in the breach: over the years he has shown himself to be perfectly willing to break from a suddenly fallible Vatican when it endorses econom-

ic and foreign policies that diverge from those preferred by the Republican Party.)

Neuhaus strenuously denies that Newmanian obedience to ecclesiastical authority requires "standing at attention, clicking one's heels, and saluting at the appearance of every document from Rome," but it is hard to imagine how else Church edicts would be greeted by a Catholic who had so thoroughly submitted his mind to the governance of the Vatican hierarchy. "I think for myself not to come up with my own teaching," he writes, "but to make the Church's teaching my own." Apparently thinking is permitted in this cramped theological world only to the extent that it contributes to keeping the intellect in line with the "splendor of truth" proclaimed by the Church.

Catholic Matters contains several illustrative examples of such anti-thinking in action. Consider the way that Neuhaus handles the question of doctrinal evolution in the Church. Modern scholarship tells us that doctrines currently accepted as timelessly true by the Vatican actually emerged through a contingent process of contentious debate at early Church councils. Certain theological doctrines once widespread among devout Christians (such as Arianism, which denied the full divinity of Christ) became heresies, while others (such as the doctrine of the Trinity) became touchstones of orthodoxy. But what if it had turned out otherwise? What if the Arians had prevailed at the Council of Nicea in 325 C.E.? Neuhaus waives away such speculation with an astonishingly crude version of historical triumphalism. Christ promised that the Holy Spirit would guide the Church in all important matters, he asserts, so the very fact that a given doctrine prevailed over others in the distant past is sufficient to demonstrate "the rightness of it, the necessity of it."

Neuhaus employs the same form of self-validating argumentation in response to more recent shifts in Church teaching. Change, after all, implies a past error. But of course we know from Christ's promise that the Church cannot err. Therefore, all seeming discontinuities—from Rome's assault on democracy and toleration in the nineteenth century to its embrace of human rights after Vatican II—must somehow be treated as continuities, regardless of how historically implausible it is to believe so. In making this remarkable proposal, Neuhaus once again follows Newman, for whom the appeal of

Catholicism derived in large part from its claim to changelessness. In Newman's view, the Church never truly alters its teaching on anything of substance. It merely engages in a "development of doctrine"—that is, a relatively superficial modification that actually reinforces continuity at a deeper level. And if the continuity is not immediately apparent, it is the job of faithful Catholics to conjure it up.

The practical consequences of such fanciful and willfully uncritical thinking can be seen most vividly in Neuhaus's discussion of the Church's sexual teachings, especially on contraception. Pope Paul VI re-affirmed the absolute ban on all artificial birth control, over the strenuous objections of theologians whom he had convened to discuss the possibility of liberalization, in the notorious encyclical *Humanae Vitae* in 1968. More than thirty-five years later, the ban is ignored by a vast majority of the Catholic laity in the United States. So few Catholics in their twenties and thirties accept the Church's teaching on the subject, in fact, that the percentage who do falls within the margin of error (less than 3 percent).

Many have concluded from these trends that the ban on birth control lacks a basis in natural law and instead reflects the Vatican's desire to uphold an antiquarian and sexist ideal of order in the family that clashes violently with the way most modern Catholics think and live. But not Neuhaus. As far as he is concerned, the widespread disregard for Church teaching on contraception can be traced entirely to the failure of the American clergy to defend Pope Paul's encyclical. If only parish priests had obeyed the pope's edict—if only they had railed from the altar for the past three decades against the use of condoms and the culture of "disordered sexual desire" that pervades modern America—then American Catholics today would enthusiastically embrace the ban on contraception. Needless to say, this position makes a rather extreme assumption about the power of Church authorities to mold the minds of the laity. Neuhaus's Catholicism is supremely a religion of credulity.

V.

FOLLOWING POPE BENEDICT XVI, Neuhaus maintains that, far from restricting or abolishing freedom, the surrender of the mind to the absolute authority of the

Church is the “foundation of freedom.” But this is sophistry. Matthew Arnold, who was himself deeply exercised by the cultural consequences of the crisis of traditional religion, beautifully and accurately defined free thinking as “the free play of the mind on all subjects which it touches.” Neuhaus appears to want no part of such serious play, such open-ended inquiry. Denouncing it as pointless “complexification” and yearning for what Paul Ricoeur called a “second naïveté” on the far side of reflection, he gives every sign of preferring a comprehensive and hermetically sealed religious ideology that will definitively insulate him from doubt. Those less inclined to recoil from the joys and the trials, the frustrations and the rewards, of critical thinking will look on such longings with a mixture of perplexity and alarm.

And then there is politics. In his insistent emphasis on the need for order, authority, and tradition, as well as in his warnings about the psychological and social ravages of modern skepticism, Neuhaus echoes such luminaries of the European (and Catholic) right as Joseph de Maistre, Juan Donoso Cortés, and (once again) Carl Schmitt, all of whom were staunch opponents of liberalism and modernity. Yet Neuhaus would have us believe that his own anti-liberal and anti-modern views are perfectly compatible with—no, synonymous with—the principles underlying modern American democracy.

We have considerable reason to doubt this. Take the crucially important issue of authority. Setting aside the question of whether an authoritarian outlook is harmful in religion, and there is a considerable religious and philosophical literature on the subject, an authoritarian outlook can certainly be destructive in politics. A nation in which such an outlook is explicitly encouraged and esteemed will be tempted to support political leaders who promise to shield us from the inherent complexity and difficulty of truth itself. This temptation is especially dangerous in liberal democratic nations, which depend on citizens informing themselves about exceedingly complicated issues, making use of alternative sources of information, doubting the assertions of public authorities, and thrashing out an inevitably tentative truth in open-ended argument and debate. This is the unavoidable price of citizenship in a free society. It is our citizenly duty to be suspicious, and to cultivate suspicion,

of any and all who would rescue us from the rigors of our own freedom.

THE OFFENSE THAT NEUHAUS’S political theology gives to American pluralism and civility is no less great. Since 1984, he has maintained that “only a transcendent, a religious, vision can turn this society from disaster and toward the fulfillment of its destiny” as a “sacred enterprise.” Since 1987, he has further stipulated that this vision must be supplied by the Roman Catholic Church. The legitimacy of this ideological project—its potential to unify rather than to polarize the nation—stands or falls on its ability to avoid the social dynamic that Neuhaus himself once identified with Protestant evangelicalism. The Moral Majority was incapable of providing the nation with a unifying religious ideology, he argued in *The Naked Public Square*, because non-evangelical Americans would inevitably view the attempt as one group’s illegitimate effort to impose its private theological convictions on the nation as a whole. Conservative Protestants thus negated their claim to speak for the whole of society in the very act of presuming to do so.

Over the years, Neuhaus has gone out of his way to show that unlike evangelicalism, with which he has often made common cause, Catholicism is capable of speaking with moral force to all Americans, regardless of their religious attachments (or lack of attachments). In the Church’s natural-law tradition and its social encyclicals can be found the rudiments of a spiritual and moral outlook that is perfectly compatible with pluralism and democracy in the United States. Whether or not individual American citizens are conservative Catholics—or even liberal Catholics, or even Judeo-Christians, or even believers in a personal God, or even believers in any spiritual reality at all—they can and should accept the universal validity of traditionalist Catholic moral arguments and employ them as an ideological framework through which to understand the nation and its role in the world.

It is a beautiful story, but it is a fairy tale—at least when viewed in the light of the narrow and sectarian form of Catholicism that Neuhaus defends in *Catholic Matters*. Consider his delight in repeatedly claiming that the Catholic Church provides “the true story of the world,” of which all the other stories are merely a

part, “including the story of America.” Neuhaus helpfully elaborated on the point in a recent issue of *First Things*, where he likewise asserted that “it is time to think again—to think deeply, to think theologically—about the story of America and its place in the story of the world.” The Catholic story of the world, that is. These statements make it quite clear that Neuhaus longs for an omnivorous Catholic Church to devour and to absorb American culture and public life. Short of universal conversion to traditionalist Catholicism on the part of the American people, this effort to Catholicize the nation and its public philosophy would surely generate much more division and do far more to heighten sectarian tensions than the rise of the Moral Majority ever did. (One wonders, for example, how even Neuhaus’s traditionalist Protestant allies will respond to his ecclesiological boast that the Catholic Church is “the gravitational center of the Christian reality, the Church of Jesus Christ most fully and rightly ordered through time.”)

AND WHAT WOULD THE Catholicizing of the United States portend for the country’s millions of non-traditionalist Christians and Jews, let alone its many Muslims, Hindus, Buddhists, atheists, and agnostics? To judge from a troubling essay that Neuhaus wrote in 1991, they would likely have to be excluded from the category of good citizenship. Focusing on unbelievers, he declared that while “an atheist can be a citizen” of the United States, it is on principle impossible for an atheist to be “a good citizen.” The godless, he maintained, are simply incapable of giving a “morally convincing account” of the nation—a necessary condition for fruitful participation in its experiment in “ordered liberty.” To be morally convincing, such an account must make reference to “reasons that draw authority from that which is higher than the self, from that which is external to the self, from that to which the self is ultimately obligated.” No wonder, then, that it is “those who believe in the God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Jesus [who] turn out to be the best citizens.”

To his credit, Neuhaus fully acknowledged the blatant circularity of his argument—the way it excluded atheists from the category of good citizenship by appealing exclusively to the assumptions of those religious traditionalists who be-

lieve that good citizenship requires the affirmation of divine authority. Yet in his effort to defend this circularity, Neuhaus made a startling admission. Establishing standards of good citizenship on the basis of exclusionary theistic assumptions is thoroughly justified, he claimed, not because such assumptions can plausibly be found in the Constitution or in its supporting documents or in established American practice or tradition, but because such assumptions are supposedly made by "a majority" in contemporary American society.

This is an appeal to raw majoritarian power, and its implications are plain. Neuhaus has often portrayed himself as a defender of a "civil public square." He has frequently insisted, against evangelicals and others, that public debate should take place using reason and that it should employ categories and concepts that are equally accessible to all citizens. But in his remarks on atheism Neuhaus made it very clear that the country's moral and religious consensus is actually the imposition of the beliefs of one part of a highly diverse community onto its other parts. In Catholic-Christian America, dominated by a traditionalist Christian majority, might would by definition be synonymous with right.

Neuhaus would no doubt insist that this exclusionary logic applies only to atheists (as if that weren't bad enough!), though it is hard to see why we should believe him. In the Catholic-Christian story of America and the world, non-traditionalist Christians and Jews, as well as adherents of other faiths, are at best peripheral players—and at worst antagonists. The most vivid and ominous example of what politics might be like in an America marked by such theologically motivated antagonisms can be found in the November 1996 issue of *First Things*, in which Neuhaus and his closest ideological compatriots, repulsed by a series of Supreme Court decisions on abortion, euthanasia, and gay rights, let out a cry of religiously inspired fury, and suggested (in terms identical to those Neuhaus employed during his period of leftist radicalism) that a morally corrupt "regime" was usurping democracy in America—and that a justified insurrection on the part of the country's most religious citizens might very well be in order.

All of the participants in the *First Things* symposium—it was called "The End of Democracy? The Judicial Usurpation of Politics"—permitted themselves

radical rhetoric. Robert H. Bork denounced the nation's "judicial oligarchy" for spreading "moral chaos" throughout the land. The Catholic theologian Russell Hittinger asserted that the country now lived "under an altered constitutional regime" whose laws were "unworthy of loyalty." Charles W. Colson maintained that America may have reached the point where "the only political action believers can take is some kind of direct, extra-political confrontation" with the "judicially controlled regime." And in a contribution titled "The Tyrant State," Robert P. George asserted that "the courts ... have imposed upon the nation immoral policies that pro-life Americans cannot, in conscience, accept."

But it was Neuhaus himself who did more than anyone else to push the tone of the symposium beyond the limits of responsible discourse. In the unsigned editorial with which he introduced the special issue of the magazine, Neuhaus adopted the revolutionary language of the Declaration of Independence to lament the judiciary's "long train of abuses and usurpations" and to warn darkly about "the prospect—some might say the present reality—of despotism" in America. In Neuhaus's view, what was happening in the United States could only be described as "the displacement of

a constitutional order by a regime that does not have, will not obtain, and cannot command the consent of the people." Hence the stark and radical options confronting the country, ranging "from non-compliance to resistance to civil disobedience to morally justified revolution."

That is the America toward which Richard John Neuhaus wishes to lead us—an America in which eschatological panic is deliberately channeled into public life, in which moral and theological absolutists demonize the country's political institutions and make non-negotiable public demands under the threat of sacralized revolutionary violence, in which citizens flee from the inner obligations of freedom and long to subordinate themselves to ecclesiastical authority, and in which traditionalist Christianity thoroughly dominates the nation's public life. All of which should serve as a potent reminder—as if, in an age marked by the bloody rise of theologically inspired politics in the Islamic world, we needed a reminder—that the strict separation of politics and religion is a rare, precious, and fragile achievement, one of America's most sublime achievements, and we should do everything in our power to preserve it. It is a large part of what makes America worth living in. ■

Helen Vendler The Art of Losing

EDGAR ALLAN POE & THE JUKE-BOX:
UNCOLLECTED POEMS, DRAFTS,
AND FRAGMENTS
By Elizabeth Bishop
Edited by Alice Quinn
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 367 pp., \$30)

THIS BOOK SHOULD NOT have been issued with its present subtitle of "Uncollected Poems, Drafts, and Fragments." It should have been called "Repudiated Poems." For Elizabeth Bishop had years to publish the poems included here, had she wanted to publish them. They remained unpublished (not "uncollected") because, for the most part, they did not meet her fastidious standards (although a few, such

as the completed love poem "It is marvellous to wake up together," may have been withheld out of prudence). Students eagerly wanting to buy "the new book by Elizabeth Bishop" should be told to go back and buy the old one, where the poet represents herself as she wished to be known. The eighty-odd poems that this famous perfectionist allowed to be printed over the years are "Elizabeth Bishop" as a poet. This book is not.

It will be argued that Bishop could have burned all these pieces of paper if she did not wish them to see publication. (I am told that poets now, fearing an Alice Quinn in their future, are incinerating their drafts.) But burning one's writings is painful, and Bishop kept her papers, as any of us might, because the past

was precious to her. Bishop did not expect to die when she did, in 1979, at the age of sixty-eight; her death was sudden and unforeseen. (Even if she had left instructions not to publish her papers, she could not rely on their being obeyed: Max Brod disobeyed Kafka's explicit command to destroy his writings. But some poets have been obeyed: Hopkins asked his sisters to burn his spiritual journals, and they did.) Had Bishop been asked whether her repudiated poems, and some drafts and fragments, should be published after her death, she would have replied, I believe, with a horrified "No."

Robert Giroux, who (according to the book's acknowledgments) asked Alice Quinn "to assemble this book," may believe otherwise, or may think that a dead author's probable opinion should not matter. It is true that regardless of the wishes of the author, juvenilia and drafts and fragments are usually published in the long run, but they are not presented as "Uncollected Poems," and thereby given parity with "Collected Poems." (The Bishop archive at Vassar, more accurately and neutrally, calls this body of work "Unpublished Poetry.") It seems to me a betrayal of Elizabeth Bishop as a poet to print items from the archive in magazines and journals as if they were "real poems" and not attempts that were withheld by the poet from just such public appearances.

One of these, recently published in *The New Yorker* with no explanatory note, is "Washington as a Surveyor," taken from a notebook of 1934-1936, when Bishop was in her twenties. The poem is a rhythmically awkward and semantically inert Petrarchan sonnet; its tired end-words include "love," "of," "move," and "enough," and the rhymes, except for "enough" and "unlined," are all monosyllabic (the easiest kind for a novice to make). The poem is a forced allegory, with echoes of Hopkins: its premise is that to discover love is to discover a new continent (alas, uninhabited by the beloved):

Lord, I discovered when I discovered
love
That day a continent within the mind,
Unstable on the sea, boundaries
unlined
Which now I slowly take the
measure of.

The elements of the new continent are
then sedulously worked through: coast,

mountains, harbors, springs, trees, flowers,
animals, rivers, clouds:

The coast's determined; the
mountains do not move;
Natural harbours and clear springs
I find,
Shade trees and fruit trees,
everything of its kind —
Even for an empire more resources
than enough.
My favorite flowers, besides,
some of each,
Yes, and wild animals who stand
and stare;
Rivers that run beyond my present
reach
The other way, and clouds that glitter
in the air.

No poetic principle (except looking for a rhyme) seems to order this inventory, and one soon wearies of its predictability. (Compare the genius of the lists in Marvell's "The Garden.") The last two lines of Bishop's sonnet represent the speaker as conquistador:

Love's flag quickly I planted on the
beach
While I explored, but the one I love
is not there.

Nothing explains why Washington is in the title, since he planted no flags on New World beaches. And the poem is full of filler: "That day," "everything of its kind," "some of each," "Yes," and "in the air." (Where else would clouds glitter?)

Although there is nothing reprehensible about a young poet's attempting a Petrarchan sonnet, there is something reprehensible in printing this feeble item in *The New Yorker* without explanation and signing it "Elizabeth Bishop," especially when the poem is listed (in Quinn's "A Note on the Text") as one of the "Drafts Included That Were Entirely Crossed Out by Bishop in Her Notebooks and Papers." Maybe it should have been printed in *The New Yorker* entirely crossed out.

Another such "Entirely Crossed Out" piece, a bar poem titled "Edgar Allan Poe & The Juke-Box," gives the present volume its title. Although Bishop had hoped to use it to close her second volume, she did not finally include it, and one can see why. It transgresses her commitment to exactness. She says exaggeratedly in it, "The music pretends to laugh and weep/while it descends to drink and

murder." And although Bishop found lifelong pleasure in music, drinking, and sex, the poem suppresses that fact, disallows gratification to these "falls":

As easily as the music falls,
the nickels fall into the slots,
the drinks like lonely water-falls
in night descend the separate throats,
and the hands fall on one another
[down] darker darkness under
tablecloths and all descends,
descends, falls,—

These well-described "falls" are followed by a lapse into moralizing:

descends, falls,—much as we envision
the helpless earthward fall of love
descending from the head and eye
down to the hands, and heart,
and down.

One can see Bishop wincing as she re-reads the flat "much as we envision" and the sentimental "helpless earthward fall of love" (with its debt to Frost's "To Earthward"). This poem, too, has recently seen publication in *The New Yorker* as a poem by "Elizabeth Bishop." But it is not! One asks—and one receives—more from a poem by the "real" Elizabeth Bishop.

WRITING POETRY IS AN unnatural act. It takes great skill to make it seem natural." These are the opening sentences of an untitled and unpublished essay by Bishop included here. The poet continues with a statement of her own aesthetic: "Most of a poet's energies are really directed towards this goal: to convince himself (perhaps, with luck, eventually some readers) that what he's up to and what he's saying is really an inevitable, *only* natural way of behaving under the circumstances." It is precisely that naturalness that has failed in banal phrases such as "much as we envision" and in melodramatic phrases such as "drink and murder." What persuades the reader in a poem by Bishop (and what she admired in George Herbert) is the absence of such inexact extremes of flatness on the one hand and melodrama on the other. "The three qualities I admire in the poetry I like best," Bishop continues, "are: *Accuracy, Spontaneity, Mystery.*" She wasn't always able to combine all three, and when she visibly could not combine

them, she did not publish the poem.

Bishop's attraction to accuracy and spontaneity is certainly visible in the failed piece "Travelling, A Love Poem." It reproduces the banal conversation of a tourist couple: so far, so good, as an idea to start with. But what the poem lacks, in its exchange of leaden sentences, is the element of "mystery." As the couple leave their hotel room, seeing that the people across the hall have checked out, leaving the door to their room open, one of the travelers comments,

They've left, across the hall.
Let's get going.
Look, they've got the same
pictures
but their carpet ... that
aggressive blue ... Yucky.

After more of the same, the conversation ends, "All these towns have *some* nice old buildings." The reader is inclined to reply, "So what?" Although Bishop's accomplished "real" poem, "The Monument," is also built on the antiphonal speech of two travelers, mystery is allowed to enter, and the lines embodying it strike the heart:

The monument's an object,
yet those decorations,
carelessly nailed, looking like
nothing at all,
give it away as having life,
and wishing;
wanting to be a monument,
to cherish something.

If spontaneity and accuracy alone will not suffice to justify a poem's existence, mystery alone will not save it, either. In an early poem—again, recently published in the *London Review of Books*—Bishop and a companion go to the street corner to buy a newspaper, but the kiosk is bare. Instead, they find that "two white-faced angel-newsboys/With black mouths were there," prophesying war. The mystery continues:

Then we noticed a bright light
At the end of the street where
we stood,
And we saw that the street stretched
to Africa

The revealed street, and the poem, end

up at the Roman Circus with "sad, sand-colored lions," and an echo of Yeats:

And in the middle of the Circus was
An ancient Roman fountain,
filled with blood.

The proper response to this bit is not "So what?" It is "You don't say!" Nobody would believe this heavy-handed mystery vision.



Elizabeth Bishop by Jack Coughlin for *The New Republic*

THE DRAFTS AND FRAGMENTS presented here confirm, by contrast, how in her good poems Bishop steered between Scylla and Charybdis, avoiding not only the monster of exaggeration and the whirlpool of sentimentality but also all sorts of byway rocks and shoals on which she runs aground in many efforts here. One of her dangers is sheer grief. Frost's "No tears in the writer, no tears in the reader" is true enough, but Bishop's tears, when they exceed her aesthetic discipline, can wreck a poem. In a draft tentatively titled "Florida Revisited" (after the model of Wordsworth's "Yarrow Revisited"), the burden of loss becomes too heavy to be borne in the lines that represent the staying power of Florida:

[And it] still goes on and on,
more or less the same.
It has, now apparently, for over
half my life-time—:
Gone on after, or over,
how many deaths,
how many deaths by now, [and]
love lost, lost forever.

To the right of the last two lines, Bishop adds, in the margin:

many deaths by cancer,
& suicides—
friendships & love
lost, lost forever—

Here we catch a glimpse of Bishop succumbing to a bleak inventory of autobiographical fact, unable to transmute it into a poem.

In the drafts and fragments we see characteristic Bishop elements gone wrong. For Bishop, as for George Herbert, a favorite strategy was an expert management of naïveté for purposes of pathos. (See Bishop's "First Death in Nova Scotia" and Herbert's "Love unknown.") But in Bishop's unpublished elegy for her toucan (whom she had inadvertently poisoned), the chosen naïveté of expression turns to bathos:

Sammy, my dear toucan ...
I killed you! I didn't mean to,
of course; I cried & cried—
It was all my fault,
Sammy, dear Uncle Sam.

I feel cruel transcribing these lines. Of course, they will not make any difference to our idea of Bishop as a poet, except to increase our admiration for her judgment in withholding such a composition from print. Quinn, in her several pages of notes on Sammy, adds more lines from the drafts, among them this bit of detail:

I thought that he had fleas
The pharmacist assured me—
It was "inoffensive"
I didn't
read the finest print
I cried, I took to my bed—

In her published poems, Bishop is very careful about factual detail; she loves it,

and it is indispensable to her as a descriptive poet, but she draws the line of inclusion with deliberate finesse. Her facts have an unstated symbolic presence; think of the stove and the almanac in "Sestina," her tender and wrung reminiscence of her grandmother's kitchen. It is hard to think how she could have conferred symbolic resonance on the fleas and the pharmacist.

ARE THERE ANY POEMS WORTHY of anthologizing in this grab bag of repudiated poems, drafts, and fragments? There are, and here is one of them. It concerns Bishop's slow unremarkable life in Great Village, Nova Scotia, until, when she was four, her mother (her only surviving parent) went mad, and she was left, the title implies, life-less, her spirit quenched:

A Short, Slow Life

We lived in a pocket of Time.
It was close, it was warm.
Along the dark seam of the river
the houses, the barns, the two
churches,
hid like white crumbs
in a fluff of gray willows and elms,
till Time made one of his gestures;
his nails scratched the shingled roof.
Roughly his hand reached in,
and tumbled us out.

This is slight, but it is touching, in its unfolding of a long before and a catastrophic after. The "We" recalled at the beginning are among the sedate collective frequenters of "the houses, the barns, the two churches" of the village; but the plural narrows as one house, its roof assaulted, sees its inhabitants "tumbled out" by a diabolic Time ("Old Scratch," with nails). The formerly slow life ends in violence, is rendered unparadoxically "short"; the poem is like a reticent tombstone set by Bishop over her four-year-old self.

And of course there is also the certainly finished but unpublished love poem, "It is marvellous to wake up together," a copy of which was shown by Bishop's friend Linda Nemer to the poet and critic Lorrie Goldensohn, in one of those lucky moments of literary preservation. In the poem, lovers are in bed, kissing, while an electric storm "is coming or moving away"; the poet imagines the house safely "caught in a bird-cage of lightning," the sensation "delightful rather than frighten-

ing." But the poem darkens in the last of its oddly rhymed (*abcbdeff*) stanzas, as love, it is conceded, is always endangered by potential storms of change:

And from the same simplified point
of view
Of night and lying flat on one's back
All things might change equally
easily,
Since always to warn us there must
be these black
Electrical wires dangling. Without
surprise
The world might change to something
quite different,
As the air changes or the lightning
comes without our blinking,
Change as our kisses are changing
without our thinking.

If we look back to Bishop's desired qualities for poetry, we can say that the threatening "black mesh of wires in the sky," turning malignly into "black/Electrical wires dangling," takes care of accuracy; the opening exclamation reproduces spontaneity ("It is marvellous to wake up together/At the same minute; marvellous to hear/The rain begin suddenly all over the roof, . . . /All over the roof the rain hisses, /And below, the light falling of kisses"); and mystery enters with the ever-present and inexplicable menace of change ("our kisses are changing without our thinking").

IT IS MARVELLOUS TO WAKE UP together" has already been accepted informally into the Bishop canon, but this is unlikely to happen with most of the work reproduced in this volume. Quinn explains that she has picked and chosen among drafts (adding still more fragments in her notes, which are oddly uninterested in the forms Bishop elected for the pieces included here). Another editor might have chosen or edited differently. I do not doubt that Quinn reproduced what she thought were the most interesting papers. ("I have not reproduced all of Bishop's uncollected juvenilia or work that is restrictively fragmentary, that does not indicate to a certain degree something of her artistic ambition," writes Quinn, hedging her bets by "to a certain degree" and "something of.") And it is true that there are glints, especially in descriptive passages, of the Bishop talent. But most of the drafts peter out, as inspiration (or will, or sobriety) flags.

Quinn reproduces several of the drafts of poems in facsimile, but in an inconsistent way: sometimes the facsimile is accompanied by a transcription into print, sometimes not. Perhaps when Quinn thought the facsimile readable, as in the case of the typescript of "It is marvellous to wake up together," she thought a transcription unnecessary. But a printed page renders a poem in a way that a photocopy of a typescript does not; and in any case a consistent pattern of reproduction should have been followed. Mad-deningly, the volume has no index; if you vaguely remember that there was a poem about a baby somewhere, you have to read through four pages of a table of contents to find the title, and God help you if the part of the poem you remember is not represented in the title.

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ENLIGHTENING to follow Bishop's many revisions in the sixteen pages, reproduced here, of drafts of the famous villanelle, which Bishop herself published, "One Art." The reader embarks on the venture very willingly, only to find that because the (mostly handwritten) drafts are not transcribed into print, the venture is impossible. The first draft is a long, mostly readable typescript written in a free verse that is very close to prose, revealing how linguistically uninspired a poem can be in its beginnings (although we understand that Bishop is after "spontaneity" again):

You may find it hard to believe,
but I have actually lost
I mean *lost*, and forever, two whole
houses,
one a very big one. A third house,
also big, is
at present, I think, "mis-laid" — but
maybe it's lost, too. I won't know
for sure for some time.

By draft two, the poem has sprung into a messy version of a villanelle, but the reader is at a loss trying to decipher the tiny Bishop handwriting. Drafts three through eight, also handwritten, also untranscribed and unreadable, continue to frustrate. Drafts nine through sixteen are, to the reader's relief, in typescript. In draft nine, Bishop has not yet found a form for the ending, where the poet fears to lose her most precious possession, her lover:

All that I write is false, it's evident

The art of losing isn't hard to master.
oh no.
anything at all anything but one's
love. (Say it: disaster.)

Draft ten vacillates between "(Say it.) That's disaster" and "(Write it!)". We find more variants "(Oh, write it!)" and "(Oh, go on! Write it)" in draft twelve. By draft fifteen, the poem has almost devised its famous ending, with its stoic stutter on "like":

The art of losing's not too hard to master
though it may look like (Write it!)
like disaster.

In the printed version, Bishop deleted the italics on "it." Is it economy that forbids the necessary help of transcription? Quinn's uninformative statement preceding the reproduction of the drafts of "One Art" reads, "In a book devoted to unfinished work, it seemed a good idea to provide drafts of a finished poem." But why is it "a good idea" if the drafts are illegible? And did Quinn or her publishers think that they were doing Bishop a service by offering her in unreadable form?

THERE IS, OF COURSE, BIOGRAPHICAL interest, if not much poetic interest, in some of these drafts. But there is distinct stylistic interest in the elegy that Bishop tried for a long time to write in memory of her Brazilian lover, Lota de Macedo Soares, who ended her life tragically by taking an overdose of pills during a visit to Bishop in New York. Bishop was never able to complete the elegy (which she envisaged as a book-length sequence, according to her application for a Guggenheim in 1977). Quinn prints a draft bearing the title "Aubade and Elegy" and three pages of notes for the elegy, the first a series of prose notations mostly about Lota's appearance and character, the second and third in poetic form but untitled. The draft entitled "Aubade and Elegy" shows Bishop inventing for the poem a manner duplicating in its unremitting and unpunctuated repetitions the crashing "black wave" to which she wakes in the days after Lota's death. The refrain for the envisaged elegy is "No coffee can wake you":

No coffee can wake you no coffee
can wake you no coffee

No revolution can catch your
attention
You are bored with us all. It is true
we ~~were~~ are boring.

For perhaps the tenth time the tenth
time the tenth time today
and still early morning I go under the
crashing wave of ~~your~~ death
I go under the wave the black wave
of ~~your~~ death

~~Your~~ Not there! & not there! I see
only small hands in the dirt
transplanting sweet williams,
tamping them down
Dirt on ~~your~~ the hands on ~~your~~ the
rings, ~~nothing more than that~~
but no more than that—

Lower on the page, Bishop has written an alternate tercet, which trails off in a desolation that only the sight of the facsimile reveals in full. (I reproduce with italics Bishop's tortured handwritten addition of the recurrent phrase, regularizing the draft slightly for intelligibility, as I have done above; I also retain Bishop's typing errors.)

The smell of the earth, the smell of
the dark roasted coffee
black as fine black as humus—
no coffee can wake you no coffee can
wake you *no coffee can wake you!*
No coffee
No coffee can wwake you no coffee
can wakeyou no coffee
can wake you
No coffee

Was it a hand shaking from drink or from weeping that could no longer type anything but its single obsessive phrase of loss, mistyping as it went along? The final page of the "Notes" for "Elegy" is unexpectedly moving, because on it we see Bishop trying to write part of the elegy in Spanish (not in Lota's native Portuguese, which Bishop despaired of speaking):

*Yo quiero ser llorando el hortelano
de la tierra que ocupas y estercola
a las desalentadas amapolas
y siento mas tu muerte que mi*

I want to be weeping the gardener
of the earth you occupy and the
fertilizer
of the discouraged poppies
and I mind your death more than my

The fragment breaks off there, with no noun to go with "*mi*." Nothing in English on the title page corresponds entirely to the Spanish.

I wish "Elegy"—with its potent imaginative fusion of coffee, humus, and dirt—had been finished. But there already exists an elegy for Lota in Bishop's classic late poem "Crusoe in England." Crusoe is back in England; the local museum wants his relics of the island, but now they are dust and ashes to him:

The knife there on the shelf—
it reeked of meaning, like a
crucifix. . . .
Now it won't look at me at all.
The living soul has dribbled away.
My eyes rest on it and pass on.

The local museum's asked me to
leave everything to them:
the flute, the knife, the shrivelled
shoes. . . .
How can anyone want such things?
—And Friday, my dear Friday,
died of measles
seventeen years ago come March.

Bishop embodies in Crusoe many aspects of herself: her love of new landscapes, her inventiveness, her humor, her desire for drink, her metaphoric whimsicality, her loneliness, and her devastation after Lota's death. Reading this collection of drafts and fragments, one is all the more grateful that Bishop, in spite of her disturbed and difficult life, was able to complete poems at the level of "Crusoe in England." In the long run, these newly published materials will be relegated to what Robert Lowell called "the back stacks," and this imperfect volume will be forgotten, except by scholars. The real poems will outlast these, their maimed and stunted siblings. ■

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Blue State Blues

I BLAME GEORGE W. BUSH'S ELECTION for many ills, and, to that list, I can now add the fact that I have been publicly shamed for not owning a gun. My unwilling confession took place a month ago, while I was being interviewed by the right-wing radio talk-show host Hugh Hewitt. He asked me whether I owned a gun and whether I had ever owned a gun (in what seemed to be consciously McCarthyite language). Later, he proceeded with a lengthier inquisition into whether I had friends or relatives in the military. He asked a version of this question some half-dozen times. ("Is there anyone that you want to bring up, like your aunt or your uncle, or the guy down the street?") I volunteered that my next-door neighbor and friend is a naval reservist, but this failed to mollify him. "Do you know anyone who's been back and forth to Iraq and been deployed there?" he asked. Sadly, I was unable to produce any evidence for my defense. In the court of right-wing talk radio, I was convicted of being a blue-state elitist.

THIS IS A VERY ODD CULTURAL MOMENT we find ourselves in, where there is a stigma attached to not owning a gun or not having friends shipped out to Iraq. This isn't a moral question; military service is obviously admirable, but knowing people who serve is no more admirable than knowing people who donate to charity. It's a cultural question. Since Bush's election, and especially since his reelection, liberals have grown painfully aware of the cultural gap with the white working class. The approved liberal posture is cringing self-flagellation. We brought the catastrophe of the Bush administration upon ourselves with our latte-sipping ways, and we must repent. Conservatives are gleefully pressing their advantage. Did you mourn Dale Earnhardt? Do you sport a mullet? Well, why not?

DAVID BROOKS, IN HIS 2004 BOOK *On Paradise Drive*, taunted blue-state liberals: "They can't name five NASCAR drivers, though stock-car races are the best-attended sporting events in the

country. They can't tell a military officer's rank by looking at his insignia. They may not know what soybeans look like growing in the field." Meanwhile, *The Washington Monthly* has recently published cover stories on how Democrats can save hunting and win the trust of religious voters. You don't see liberals taunting NASCAR fans who can't name the host of "Masterpiece Theatre" or conservatives agonizing over their hemorrhaging support among intellectuals. Instead, conservatives have indulged in an orgy of reverse snobbery. Victor Davis Hanson, writing in *National Review* in the summer of 2004, asserted, with his usual insight, that liberals hate Bush because "he is an unapologetic twanger who likes guns, barbeques, NASCAR, 'the ranch,' and pick-up trucks." Actually, the pickups don't bother us, because we realize that Bush primarily rides in armor-plated limousines like most of us Democrats. But the barbequing is indeed a real sore point. Damn that barbeque-eating president!

IN YET ANOTHER NERVOUS LIBERAL attempt to placate the red-state hordes, *The Washington Post* recently started a blog called *Red America*. The blog's author, displaying a typical hair-trigger sensitivity to blue-state elitism, used his first entry to flay his *Post* editors for their unfamiliarity with the 1984 pro-gun action flick *Red Dawn*. He also proceeded to declare, "Red America's citizens are the political majority." Except that the blue states accounted for more than half the population in 2000. Conservatives cope with this inconvenient fact by redefining blue states as a few urban enclaves and making a fetish of the political map, with its misleadingly large, depopulated red states. To take a typical example, a 2004 postelection *Wall Street Journal* column by Daniel Henninger announced triumphantly, "[I]f you adjust the map's colors for votes by county ... even the blue states turn mostly red. Pennsylvania is blue, but, between blue Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, every county in the state is red. California, except for the coastline, is almost entirely red." This is a persua-

sive point if you believe in the principle of one acre, one vote.

TOM WOLFE RECENTLY TOOK THIS analysis a step further, declaring that the blue-state elites are not part of the United States of America. "They literally do not set foot in the United States. We live in New York in one of the two parenthesis states. They're usually called blue states—they're not blue states, the states on the coast. They're parenthesis states—the entire country lives in between." I wonder if Wolfe and his fellow travelers realize how much their mau-mauing of blue staters is, well, Maoist. Mao, like the contemporary American right, saw his country as divided between the great virtuous, patriotic interior and the decadent, traitorous coastal cities. Intellectuals—or, in the Maoist parlance, the "stinking ninth category," a phrase so pungent and catchy I can't believe Bill O'Reilly hasn't picked it up yet—were forcibly relocated from the cosmopolitan cities to the countryside to "learn from the poor and lower middle peasants."

THE CONTEMPORARY GOP, THANKFULLY, has yet to imitate this practice, but my neoconservative friend Lawrence F. Kaplan has taken it upon himself. Writing in this space last year, Kaplan described how, after a lifetime of living in New York and Washington, he moved to a small town in Virginia, where, at last, he found himself among his ideological brethren. Delighted to leave behind his "soft-handed colleagues" at *THE NEW REPUBLIC*, he reported that the national spirit indeed runs deeper among these simple village folk. "Dozens of them are serving, willingly and proudly, in Iraq and Afghanistan," he wrote. "In the breadth of their civic attachments, it seems to me that they, more than most of their critics, most faithfully embody the American ideal." And these unpretentious patriots welcomed him. Sort of. After an awkward breaking-in period, Kaplan was pleased to report, "No one pinches my fiancée anymore; no one charges me \$500 to change the oil in my car; cops no longer pull me over for fun." Grain production is way up, and sexual assaults, price-gouging, and state-sponsored harassment have all plummeted, thanks to the efforts of our heroic peasants. I bet San Francisco and the Upper West Side can't match those achievements.

JONATHAN CHAIT

The Big Lie (I)

Are the "occupied territories" really occupied territories?

As Adolf Hitler discovered, the Big Lie will eventually be accepted as the truth. The Big Lie, the monster whopper of our time, is that the provinces of Judea/Samaria, often called the "Bank," are "occupied territories."

What are the facts?

A Brief History: Most of the area now called the Middle East was part of the Ottoman (Turkish) Empire before World War I. Germany lost the war and so did its ally Turkey. The Ottoman Empire ceased to exist and the League of Nations assigned Britain and France as the mandatory powers.

France assumed mandatory control over what is now Syria and Lebanon. Britain assumed mandatory control over all the rest, including "Palestine," which comprised all that is now Jordan and Israel, including the "West Bank." The Golan Heights, which Syria now claims as its age-old patrimony, was originally part of Palestine.

In 1917, the British issued the Balfour Declaration, under which Palestine was to be the homeland for the Jewish people. In 1921, Winston Churchill, who was then Colonial Secretary of Great Britain, separated all the land east of the Jordan River from the territory designated to be the Jewish homeland, and awarded it to the Hashemites, who established the kingdom of Transjordan.

The Arabs, whipped up by their fanatic clergy, fiercely opposed the presence of the Jews on what they considered "sacred Moslem territory." There was constant warfare between the two groups, which the British tried to arbitrate, always favoring the Arabs, whom they considered more important to their imperial interests.

In 1947, the British decided that they had enough and resigned the Mandate. They left the Arab-Jewish antagonists to their own devices and turned it over to the United Nations. Their solution was to partition Palestine into a Jewish and an Arab state. The area west of the Jordan River (the "West Bank") and the Gaza Strip were allotted to the Arabs. Jerusalem was to be an "international" zone. After much soul searching, the Jews accepted the partition and, in April 1948, declared their

independence in the area allotted to them by the partition. The Arabs rejected the partition out of hand. On the very day of Israel's birth, five Arab armies invaded the nascent Jewish State. In what must be considered an almost Biblical miracle, the rag-tag Jewish forces decisively defeated the combined Arab might. But Israel had suffered enormous casualties - 6,000 dead, about one percent of its population.

Israel not an "occupier:" Israel stayed in control of most of

"The Big Lie of Israel's 'occupation' has been repeated so long and so often that even people of good faith have come to believe it and to accept it."

the area west of the Jordan River, except for the Gaza Strip, which stayed under Egyptian control. The "West Bank" and the eastern part of Jerusalem stayed under the control of Transjordan, which promptly renamed itself Jordan and proceeded to

ruthlessly expel all Jews and to obliterate all vestiges of over 2,000 years of Jewish presence in that land.

In the 1967 Six-Day War, Israel recovered the "West Bank," the eastern part of Jerusalem, the Gaza Strip, conquered Egypt's Sinai Peninsula, and conquered and annexed the Golan Heights. During the 19 years that Jordan and Egypt were in possession of the "West Bank" and the Gaza Strip, it didn't occur to them or to anybody else that the Palestinians should have a state or even that they were a distinct nationality. The claim for that did not arise until after the Six-Day War.

Jews have been living in Judea/Samaria since Biblical times. The area was made *judenrein* (free of Jews), following the Nazi model, by Jordan, when it was in possession of the territory. After 1967, Jews moved back into the territory and a great hullabaloo was raised and is still being raised about the not more than 200,000 "settlers," who do not occupy more than 2 percent of the area. But there is no concern about the hundreds of thousands of Arabs, who, lured by the prosperity of Israel, have flooded into the area, nor of the more than one million Arabs who live in Israel proper and who enjoy full rights of citizenship.

Israel acquired the territories (the "West Bank" and Gaza) in defense of an aggressive war waged against it. No country in history has ever been asked to return such territories. Do the Poles return the huge chunk of Germany that they acquired in the wake of World War II? Do the Czechs return the Sudetenland, do the French return Alsace-Lorraine? Of course not! Only Israel is being asked to return such territories. The last sovereign of the "West Bank" and of Gaza were the Ottomans. The "West Bank" and Gaza are unallocated territories. To speak of Israel as "occupier" is preposterous; to speak of it, as Kofi Annan, the Secretary General of the UN does, as "illegal occupiers," is poisonous slander. He knows better. But unfortunately, the Big Lie of Israel's "occupation" has been repeated so long and so often that even people of good faith have come to believe it and to accept it.

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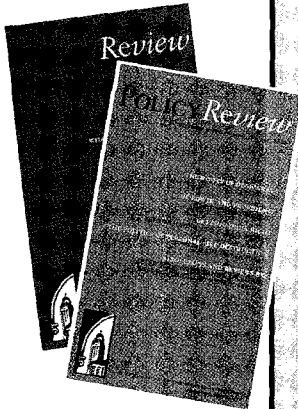
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In the new issue of *Policy Review*

Of Power and Providence

The old United States and the new European Union

The European reaction to the unbridled use of U.S. power in George W. Bush's first term was one of both defiance and cooperation, and it will probably retain a mixed character. It would be churlish for Europe to refuse cooperation in matters where Europe also has an important stake, such as common action against terrorism, but this eminently reasonable attitude limits any attempt to impose linkage.... Alongside this, however, the European refusal to do the dishes after the Americans made their unilateral meal in Iraq was a form of defiance and one that had a significant impact.... Even when European governments have wanted good relations with America, the sheer unpopularity and felt illegitimacy of the American effort constrained their ability to offer troops. European publics do not warm to the idea of taxation without representation, and their attitude has been registered in the conduct of their governments. Here, at least, Europe's democratic deficit is not so large after all.

—David C. Hendrickson

Literature in Theory

Bad theory, that is

To reconcile Theory's affirmation of the radical indeterminacy of texts with its claim that such indeterminacy generates an emancipatory and typically egalitarian political program, one would have to suspend the ordinary laws of reason—recognized, contrary to Theory's extreme pronouncements, not only in the West but around the globe and from time immemorial. If texts are all there is and the world is nothing but a text, if moral and political standards like everything else are constructed and not discovered, why shouldn't the strong and ruthless regard themselves as emancipated to rewrite other people's lives in whatever ways strike their fancy and they can get away with?

—Peter Berkowitz

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